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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1878. | VOLUME XXV.—No. 43. Price Ten Cents.

THE HERMIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

They told me that he lived alone,
In some old cave deep in the wood;
They told me sin he ne'er had known,
They said he was surnamed "The Good."

They told me his career of pain,
His charity to birds and brutes;
They told me how he slaked with rain
His thirst, and how he fed on roots.

I learned that he for many years
Had never left his dreary hole;
He passed his nights in prayer and tears,
This Christian man, this pious soul!

And so I wondrous pity felt,
And went with feelings of great awe
Unto the cave where this saint dwelt,
And he was out. But this I saw:

A warm, snug, neat and cosy den,
A chicken frying in a pan,
Some whiskey-bottles—eight or ten—
Belonging to this holy man!

A banjo in one corner stood,
Cheap novels lay upon a chair;
With these the man surnamed "The Good"
Passed the sad, tedious hours in prayer.

This cenobite that combats vice
Hath morals, thought I, rather slack;
His beads look very much like dice;
His hymn-book is a euchre pack.

I met him as I strolled away—
His axe seemed sharp, his muscle strong;
My oroide studs, I grieve to say,
Now to that holy man belong.

CUPID JONES.

THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

Either from lust of gold or like a girl,
Valuing the giddy pleasures of the eyes.
TENNYSON'S "MORTE D'ARTHUR."

Like some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own.
IN MEMORIAM.

The morning after the flower-show and the dinner at the Hall, Chudleigh came down to the breakfast-table looking rather pale and out of sorts, with two heavy black marks under his eyes.

"You look unwell, Chud., dear," said Maud as he bent to kiss her forehead. "Have you a headache?"

"Yes," said Chudleigh carelessly—"been awake all night."

"You must have some tea," said Maud, ringing for it, "and go and lie down afterwards."

"I'll have the tea, but not the sofa, Maudie," he said. "I have to ride over to Woodfells about the timber on the four-acre; and, by the way, I promised the steward I would check that file of accounts this morning," and he stifled a weary sigh.

"Poor Chud.!" said Maud, leaning over his shoulder, and pressing her white hand against his brow. "You work as hard as a banker's clerk. Cannot you stay at home and rest for one day?"

Chudleigh shook his head.

"No, Maudie, my child; the estate is a large one, you know, and requires looking after. How do you think the flower-show went off yesterday?"

"Oh, delightful, Chud.," she replied; "the people seemed pleased beyond expression. I believe any one of them would do anything for you. I always thought they had harbored a kind feeling for me, but I think they really idolize you. Carlotta said last night that she heard your name on their lips as she passed every group."

Chudleigh raised his cup as she pronounced Carlotta's name and winced.

"Carlotta does not come to see us so often as she promised. I told her we had offended her last night, but she only laughed and said she had been busy."

"Was that all she said?" asked Chudleigh, quietly scraping some butter along the toast, and making a most hideous and unnecessary noise with the knife.

"Yes; she spoke very little after she came back to the drawing-room. Where did you go, Chudleigh—into the picture-gallery?"

Chudleigh nodded.

"Carlotta's fond of pictures," mused Maud innocently. "I think she herself draws and paints. I should not be surprised to find that she did everything that was clever and beautiful."

"Ah!" said Chudleigh, with a feigned indifference, though his eyes grew dim staring into the tea-cup. "I—I'll have a piece more toast if you'll pass it."

"The papers, sir," said a footman, entering and laying the day's news on the table.

Glad of a shield and screen, Chudleigh caught up *The Times* and commenced looking it over.

"Let me see, where is papa's *Standard*?" said Maud, turning the pile over. "Ah! here it is. I must air it for him. I wonder what makes him so late in the library."

"Maud," interrupted Chudleigh, with an agitation perfectly inexplicable to his sister, "Lord Crownbrilliants died yesterday morning——"

"Lord Crownbrilliants!" repeated Maud.

"Yes, Mr. Hartfield's father. He, Mr. Hartfield, has the title now."

She looked at him, and in his despairing face and trembling tones with her quick love saw like a flash of light the hidden cause. Stretching out her hand until it clasped his as it lay on the table, she whispered tenderly:

"What have you to fear, Chudleigh?"

"Everything," he said, dropping his head on his breast and turning his face from her. "Everything. I have lost the race, Maudie—lost!"

With a tender-hearted cry she raised his hand to her lips, murmuring:

"Poor Chud.! poor Chud.!"

* * * * * * *

Perhaps at the same moment that Chudleigh's eye caught the paragraph in the morning paper Carlotta was reading the same announcement. She, like Chudleigh, looked white and ill, for she had spent the midnight hour in watchfulness and pain. How terrible the struggle had been between love and policy no one could imagine, unless they had seen her pressing her beautiful face against the pillow to stifle the sobs that shook her perfect form, and hide the tears that coursed down her face.

"So noble!" she moaned, "so good, so noble! Will it break his heart? He looked as if it would. Will it break mine? It seems breaking now. One minute more and I should have given way. One more look at his poor, working face and he would have been conqueror. And would it not have been better so? No, no, a thousand times no. Better wealth and comfort with an imbecile (how bitter the word sounded!) than love-killing poverty with Chudleigh Chichester. Chudleigh! Chudleigh! his very name is grand, honest and noble—noble like his heart. O, Carlotta! will all the wealth of the Indies ever make you forget his nobility?"

Then, as even grief must have an end, her sobs gave way to a light, uneasy sleep, in which she saw Chudleigh's face—wan and drawn with a tearless agony—bleeding before her closed yet seeing eyes.

In three weeks' time the newly made Lord Crownbrilliants came down to Grassmere. Dressed in black, with mourning jewelry set with diamonds, and followed by a retinue of servants, he took up his quarters at the inn, the best rooms of which had been specially prepared for him. The Gregsons had sent him a pressing invitation to The Folly, but his lordship courteously refused, saying that he should take up his quarters at the inn, as he would be compelled to run up and down to town, and grant interviews to a host of business-men, who would be a nuisance at The Folly. So that the Gregsons had to be consoled with the reflection that the inn was only ten minutes' walk from their garden, and his lordship's promise to dine and stay with them as often as he possibly could.

For the first two days Lord Crownbrilliants remained in his rooms, but on the third he rode into the village across the heath and swooped down upon The Folly. Of course he was very tenderly treated and commiserated, although he looked anything but a mourner, and after the first few minutes laughed with his old soft enjoyment. Walking round the garden with the two Miss Gregsons prettily dressed in flowering muslins and topped with counterfeit straw hats, he said:

"I'm looking out for a little shooting-box down hereabouts. Do you know of any, Miss Lavinia?"

Miss Lavinia's heart beat fast, and the blood colored her cheek.

"I—I don't know," she said. "Papa might, or Tom. I don't think there is anything in Grassmere."

"No," said Miss Bella. "There are several places to be sold in Annsleigh, though. I will ask papa."

Whereupon she ran up to Mr. Gregson, who was abroad, growling at the gardener.

"What sort of place do you want, Mr. Hart——my lord?" asked Mr. Gregson, touching the title reverentially. "There's a pretty place on the Annsleigh road, The Retreat—don't know whether you have ever seen it."

"The Wetweat?" said Lord Crownbrilliants. "Let me wecollect! The Wetweat—oh, ah! yes, I wemember. Pwetty little box behind some twees. Good stables, conserwatawies, lawns and that sort of thing."

"Yes, that's the place, no doubt," said Mr. Gregson. "It used to belong to an old sea-captain, who, having plenty of money, made it quite a handsome house. It's not so large as The Folly," added The Folly's owner, glancing up at the monstrosity with an air of pride. "Don't want it so large," said Lord Crownbrilliants. "I want a cigar-box, not a p-packing-case—he, he!"

And he laughed, Mr. Gregson feeling compelled to join him, although the laugh was at his expense.

"I'm glad to find you think of becoming a neighbor, my lord," said Gregson. "Quite a brilliant addition to the county."

"Yes; a Crownbrilliant," laughed his lordship, this time alone, Mr. Gregson not daring more than a smile.

"And now I must go. I'm going to call at the Cottage. Lady Mildwed well?" he asked, looking another way, and speaking with that indifference which is always more eloquent than the tone it is meant to hide.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Bella. "We dined with her at the Hall a little while since."

"And Miss—Miss Lawley?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Bella again, but with a sudden coldness in her voice. "Oh, yes; Miss Lawley is quite well, I think."

"Then I'll go," said his lordship with a sudden precipitance. "Good-morning, Mr. Gregson; morning, Tom."

Coming to the gate near Lavinia, he said:

"Nice day, isn't it? What do you think of the horse? Pretty color?—yes, vewy. Good-morning."

And his lordship cantered off.

"Bella," said Miss Lavinia, "I'm afraid——"

And she shook her head.

"So am I," said Miss Bella, shaking hers also.

At the Cottage gate Lord Crownbrilliants' manner lost a great deal of the calm with which it had carried things at The Folly. Indeed, his heart beat to such an extent as he dismounted that he felt half inclined to leave his card only, and return to the inn. But as the servant opened the door Lady Mildred crossed the hall, and the "card trick" fell through.

"I am glad to see you looking so well," said Lady Mildred as he took her hand.

And they went into the drawing-room.

"You have had a sad loss—very sad. I remember Lord Crownbrilliants, your father—a perfect Adonis in his youth. I danced three times with him in one evening at Lady Crushcrash's, I think; very wrong, I know, but he was perfectly irresistible. Dear me, dear me! how the time runs by!"

Lord Crownbrilliants murmured something, and Lady Mildred ran softly on:

"Have you called at the Hall yet? Sir Fielding was speaking of you last night. He remembers Lord Crownbrilliants well, and was quite shocked to hear of his death. You must go and stay at the Hall. Sir Fielding has already sent you an invitation."

"I had it this morning," said his lordship. "Vewy kind of Sir Fielding. I shall be glad to go. The Hall's a pwetty place, I think."

"Oh, very," said Lady Mildred with the slightest suspicion of pride. "I don't think there is a better old place in England, not even your castle at Lanard."

"I have never seen it," said Lord Crownbrilliants.

"Indeed!" said her ladyship. "You must go and see it at once. It is a beautiful place. I remember staying there three weeks, and thinking it the most delightful place in the world."

"It must be lovely if your ladyship speaks so highly of it," murmured Lord Crownbrilliants.

Then he commenced looking round the room in an aimless sort of manner, and answering Lady Mildred's questions at random; whereupon her ladyship, who was no dullard, rang the bell and told a servant to inform Miss Lawley that Lord Crownbrilliants was in the drawing-room. In three minutes, which at one moment seemed an age and at another a flash of a second to his enamored lordship, Carlotta entered the room. How lovely she looked in her simple dress of white muslin with black lace, her dark hair brushed from her pure white brow, and her eyes lit up with a gentle sympathy he had never seen there before, Lord Crownbrilliants could not have described. His heart beat like a wild bird against its prison-bars, his face flushed, and for once, as he came forward and took her hand, he was perfectly natural. What she said or what he said they neither of them knew, one feeling only of extreme joy running through him as he glanced at the black lace on her dress, and thought that at least they had one thing in common—bereavement. He did not remember that hers was indeed a bereavement, while his was merely the removal of the impediment of the title and estates of Crownbrilliants. Love is apt to be blind, even to itself. They walked through the garden into the conservatories, where Lady Mildred left them to fetch her sunshade. His lordship, finding himself alone with his idol, got crimson and uneasy; but, stealing a glance at the regal face of his companion, was somewhat restored to his self-possession and affectation by seeing that it was calm and perfectly unmoved.

"Pwetty flower," he said, toying with a camelia. "Nice for one's coat. I know a fellow whose mother used to lock him out of the conservatawies because he picked the flowers."

Carlotta raised her eyebrows.

"That was cruel, though perhaps necessary," she said. "Shall I give you this?"

"Will you?" he said eagerly.

"Oh, yes," she replied with the calm indifference which made her so irresistible, "if you will promise not to tell Lady Mildred."

"I promise," he said.

And Carlotta took a pair of tiny scissors from her pocket and cut the flower off.

"There it is," she said, holding it out to him while she returned the scissors to her pocket.

He took it from her eagerly, and, pressing it to his lips, placed it in his coat. She seemed not to have noticed the action, and stood as calm and still in the bright sunlight as Pygmalion's statue before it caught the breath of life.

"How is the wiver getting on?" he asked, leaning over the light oak fence and gazing at it.

"Getting on?" she repeated, with a smile. "Very nicely and very quickly. See" and she dropped a leaf in the stream.

He dropped another, which, owing to a sudden stoppage of the first, caught it up.

"They have joined company," he said eagerly. "See; they are dwifting down together."

And he pointed to the two leaves.

"So they are," said Carlotta.

"Life is like a stweam," he said, coming nearer to her, and playing with a branch that touched her arm—he dared not touch the arm itself. "Life is like a stweam, Miss Lawley; men and women are like—leaves, eh?"

Carlotta inclined her head.

"That's very pretty," she said, with a smile that barely escaped being scornful. "It sounds like Tennyson."

"Does it?" he said, looking pleased. "By Jove! Tennyson's a clever fellow. He wites verses, you know."

Carlotta raised her eyebrows.

"You have read them?" she said with a slight surprise, which his lordship entirely misunderstood.

"Oh, yes. I've wead them, every one. You're astonished at a fellow having time for that s-s-sort of thing—eh? Oh, I'm very fond of poetry, I assure you. I always was. I could wepeat the whole of D-D-Dr. Watts' hymns at one time when I was six years old. T-T-That's not bad, Miss Lawley."

"On the contrary, very good," replied Carlotta, almost wearily. "You will be sorry to hear that I never knew one of Dr. Watts' hymns or anyone else's."

"No, no, I shan't," he replied warmly. "I d-don't care anything about your knowing hymns. I, by Jove! I don't think I know one myself now," he added ingenuously. "Hymns are a nuisance, except in church. Miss Lawley, are you going to church on Sunday?"

"Oh, yes," said Carlotta. "Lady Mildred never misses, you know."

"I shall go, then," he said decisively.

Then there came a silence, both leaning over the palings, she standing majestically at his side, both looking at the river.

"Miss Lawley, I'm going to buy a house d-down here," said he.

She started the slightest in the world.

"Yes?" she said.

"Yes. I like Grassmere. It's very nice. Don't you like it?"

"Yes, very much."

"I'm glad of that," he said eagerly. "Well, I'm going to look out for a little box near here. Mr. Gregson says there is one to be sold on the Annsleigh woad—belonged to a captain, he said, I think. Do you wemember the one I mean?"

"Oh, yes—The Retreat."

"Yes, The Wetweat. Nice name, isn't it? Is it a n-nice place?"

"Yes, very beautiful," said Carlotta, staring at the stream, and avoiding his eyes, which were fixed on hers.

"You like it?" he asked.

"Yes; it is a very pretty place," she replied. "Then I'll buy it," he replied emphatically. "I'll buy it, whatever it costs. Miss Lawley, you wonder what makes me so anxious to g-get the p-place. It's because you like it. I——"

"Here is Lady Mildred," said the beautiful girl, turning her face, which was deadly white, towards the house. "It is luncheon-time, I expect."

"I won't stay, thank you," said his lordship, flushing. "I'm going at once, Lady Mildred. Horse tired of waiting, quite westless. Good-morning, Lady Mildred. Good-morning, Miss Lawley," and, pressing Carlotta's icy-cold hand, he vaulted into the saddle and galloped off, muttering: "By Jove! how beautiful he! he! I frightened her—white as a ghost. All wight, Clawence, old boy, all wight!"

She went back to the garden and the river, but muttered nothing; perhaps she was fully occupied in listening to the stream, which seemed to mutter brokenly, as it swept over the pebbles:

"You will keep your oath and break my heart."

CHAPTER XVII.

When desperate men are brought to bay
'Tis well to think of action.—DOMINIE.
Pursuer close upon pursued, they run
As close a race as shade and sun.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed since the wily Italian had glided down the old worm-eaten stairs of the house in Chelsea, when a firmer tread sounded on them, and a tall, majestically-built figure unlocked the door and entered the room in which Spazzola had stood petrified with astonishment.

Removing his soft, broad-brimmed hat, and placing it on the table, the occupant of the room dropped into the hard chair with a weary gesture and a sigh.

"What next?" he muttered, looking round the room. "Light nearly gone—too late to paint. Would to Heaven it were sometimes too dark and too late to think! That poor child! have left—she had the blue eyes, clear, terrestrial, far-seeing, that only those have who are already on their journey home. She will die to-night, or to-morrow, or the day after. *Chi bono?* What matters it? The fruit will moisten her pretty, bird-like throat," he mused, taking up a piece of crayon and almost unconsciously sketching the outline portrait of some poor child he had been visiting or benefiting. "Bah!" he continued, crushing the crayon with his fingers and flinging it into the grate with an air of utter weariness and despair. "What a hypocrite art thou, Maurice! Thou thinkest the child has won upon thee by her misery, her helplessness. Thou knowest 'tis because there is a something in her face that thou thinkest like the girl's face thou lovest. Charity! It is but another name for self. *Vanitas! vanitas!*

"Nine! 'Tis time I went out. Yet why should I? To what purpose? I am weary, and shall not escape myself by treading the waterside or pacing the narrow streets, any better than by sitting here. O Heaven! how slowly the time goes! I fear I shall never see it fly again. 'Tis a lame bird for Maurice Durant. Ten it strikes!—later than I thought. Now for supper," and he turned to the piece of bread upon the table. "Supper! Why should I eat? To live. Why should I live? Oh, bitter question! What other answer is there than the mocking one—"To die?" And he dropped the crust upon the table, burying his face in his hands and leaning his elbows on the hard deal.

An hour passed him thus motionless, tearless, yet filled with a weary despair that was worse than death. Then, as the sound of the clocks striking eleven boomed heavily through the air, he started, and, going to a small cupboard, took down from a peg a violin, and, leaning against the window, with his face turned towards the starlit sky, commenced playing.

As the sweet, subtle melody filled the room and turned it to a very Paradise of sound, its delicious strains won his soul from the despair it had fallen into, and gradually, as his long, white fingers caressed the instrument and brought forth from it a childlike, simple ballad of ineffable sweetness and mournfulness, his eyes filled with tears, his lips quivered, and his face lit up as did the faces of the martyrs of old when, with the glare of the fire in their eyes, they saw heaven's gates swinging slowly back to let them in. Suddenly, in the very midst of a strain which the world would have poured out its gold with a lavish hand to purchase, the strange player ceased, dropped his bow, sprang to the middle of the floor, and, stooping, picked up a piece of paper which lay there. Carrying it to the window, he held it up to the moonlight, and ground out an imprecation between his teeth. On the paper was the imprint of a man's foot.

"Someone has been here!" he muttered. "The foot is too small for mine. The paper was unsoiled when I left it."

With his face as dark as a thunder-cloud, he stole to the cupboard and took a revolver from a shelf, then noiselessly glided to the door, the moonlight streaming on his grand form and lighting up his wild, dark face. Cautiously he unlocked the door and quickly threw it open. No one there. The landing, the stairs, empty. Children's voices floating up from the street below. He breathed hard, lowered the revolver, and threw his head back; then, re-entering the room, lit a candle, and, with a gesture as if a sudden thought had struck him, again went outside, and, kneeling down, examined the tablet of the lock. There were a number of scratches lately made; they shone bright and new in the garish flicker of the candle. With a growl of anger he started to his feet, and, panting like a trapped tiger, paced the room.

"Tracked at last—but by whom," he muttered, "whom, whom? Who could have picked that lock so deftly? No London thief, no clumsy apprentice to the trade, no bungler. A master-hand turned that lock with so little damage. Whose—whose—whose but Spazzola's? Great Heaven! If I had found him here our account should have been balanced! Spazzola! That sleek, slender hound, that bloodthirsty, avaricious tiger! I must be gone at once—to-night! O Heaven! is there no rest, no peace on the face of the earth? Where have I not been, where have I not ventured, to fly from my fate? And here, here, where at least one would think there were safety and secrecy, I am tracked—tracked by Spazzola."

A creak on the stairs.

"Hist! what is that?" he hissed, starting and clutching his soft felt hat. "What is that? Spazzola, by his cat-like tread! He is coming nearer—nearer. Another minute and I am lost!" and he looked around the room, clutching his revolver in a grasp of iron, his head thrown back, his body held like a hound in leash. "Ah!" he muttered, "the window!" and springing to it he unfastened its rusty catch, threw it open, and stepped out onto the rickety parapet, from which the time-eaten plaster fell in a small stream.

Scarcely had he done so than the door, which he had left half open, was gently pushed back and the Italian entered the room. Looking round with an eager gaze, his face fell blankly and he hissed out an oath. At that moment, however, the window, which the fugitive had of course been unable to fasten, blew open, and the Italian, with a frightful imprecation, sprang to it. Directly his hand touched its ledge a sharp report rang through the air. The Italian clapped his hand to his shoulder, and, with a shriek, fell to the ground, overturning the easel and smashing the window in his descent. Waiting one moment to hear if his pursuer still followed, the fugitive thrust the revolver in his breast, and, dropping down on his hands and knees, commenced the perilous journey along the moulding parapet.

Three houses had been built of the same height, with parapets connecting them. Beyond that all was uncertain, for a turn in the street hid it from his view. At every step small pieces of the stonework loosened and fell from beneath his hands and feet into the gardens below. He dared not look down; the depth was great; the fall, should he stumble or lose his hold, certain death. Yet there was no fear in his heart, only a dogged resolve to go on and reach the end, let it be what it might. Once or twice he paused and listened intently; but after the first crash there was no sound in his wake, and only the dull murmur of the few passers-by in front. He crawled to the end of the turn and looked down. The next house had been built considerably lower than the rest. There was a drop, did he intend proceeding, of some feet, onto a small ledge of stone or "compo." The red-bricked tiles could not be trusted, the water-pipe shook as his hand passed over it. Turn he could not. No window was open through which he could creep had he felt so inclined. He must drop.

To a man who had scaled the highest mountains of ice and snow, shot the deadliest and swiftest rapids, slain the most ferocious of wild beasts in single encounter, the drop was nothing, had it not been for the danger of an alarm should the ledge slip and throw him on to the shaky tiles or into the garden beneath. In both cases there would be a noise, and he would have to give an explanation of his presence and strange behavior. In the latter case he might break his leg, and thus destroy all chance of escape from the man to whom even now perhaps recovering from his shot and preparing to follow.

Thinking thus and scanning the depth below, his eyes lit up with a strange, desperate fire, he felt for the revolver.

"Five barrels more, Spazzola!" he muttered, and, drawing himself up, he lowered his legs over the parapet, clutched the rickety stonework with his white, iron-like hands, then dropped. One slight crash, that might have been occasioned by a wandering cat, and there he was, as far as detection went, safe. Leaping to the ground, he drew his revolver out and crept stealthily through the garden into the road. Not a soul in sight. With the same caution, keeping well under the shadow of the old houses, he hastened up the street, then, gaining a broad thoroughfare, he hailed a cab, and told the man to drive in the direction of London. His face, as the light streamed on it from a wayside lamp, was white as death—not with fear, but rage—his teeth closed tightly, and his eyes like a lion's, that, though it has escaped the hunter's toils, still growls vengeance on its pursuers.

* * * * * * *

About ten miles from Grassmere, on the London road, there stood a small public-house, low-roofed, broad-eaved, and comfortable. The landlord of this hostel, whose name was Gregory—simply Gregory, whether surname or Christian could not be discovered—was sitting on the wide bench in the sun, and thinking it was almost time for tea, when a tall figure turned the corner of the dusty road and approached him.

"Hullo! here he is," said Mr. Gregory, half fearfully, wholly reverentially, adding aloud: "Good-even, sir."

The stranger inclined his head, and, seating himself on the little wooden table that was cooking in the sun, said:

"Have you the dog?"

"Oh, yes, sir; as right as a trivet."

Again the stranger nodded.

"He is well, you say? Where have you kept him?"

"In the stable, sir, where you ordered him to be kept."

"Has anyone seen him?"

"No, sir; no one excepting me and Bill, the ostler, sir. We told them as the dog were a little bit touched, and that stopped their coorisosity."

"And you have told no one that you had him?"

"Not a soul—not me or Bill," was the reply, honestly enough, as the speaker's clear, simple eyes attested.

"Have there been any inquiries?"

"Oh, a deal, your honor," replied the man. "Sir Fielding, up at Grassmere, was making inquiries everywhere. His gamekeeper came down here, asking, quite friendly like, if I had seen a gentleman with a dog, or heard of him. But I told him I hadn't, and as my word is pretty well taken in these parts, where I have lived ever since I were as old as that child"—pointing to a little girl toddling round the door with her finger in her mouth—"he believed me."

"Good," said the stranger. "You may bring the dog out to-night in the wood there. I will meet you at eleven o'clock. There is what I promised you, and a like sum added to it," and he dropped a small pile of gold into the man's hand.

The simple fellow stared, then looked at the gold and shook his head.

"This is a deal o' money, sir," he said, hesitatingly.

"I am glad you are satisfied," was the curt reply. "So long as you are silent concerning the dog and myself, I will give you the same sum every six months. If you prefer to talk and chatter, I will find some means to make you repent your gossip in addition to the loss of the money," and he frowned heavily.

The countryman threw his head back with a sturdy look on his face, although it had grown pale, as he replied:

"I don't know who you be, sir. I'm thinking you must be a great person—perhaps the Duke himself; but I know you aint used to deal with common people, or you'd know an honest man when you see him. I'm not a rich man, your honor, but I'm a'most sorry to see you, because o' the dog, which I've got to grow fond of. As to betraying you after all this money, I couldn't do it, and it didn't need any more, neither," and, breaking off his incoherent speech abruptly, the man put the extra gold back on the table.

GLIO

VRANIE

THE MUSES.

With eyes intent upon her scroll,
Whereon are writ the deeds of men,
Proud Clio sees the ages roll,
And gladly writes with willing pen
The record of the fleeting years,
With all their triumphs, hopes and fears.

What glorious names are written there!
What deeds of valor and of might!
If Clio's favor we would share,
Then let us read the scroll aright;
Not what we plan or yearn to be,
But what we do, makes history.

With eyes uplifted to the stars,
Behold Urania, fair, discreet—
Her grace might turn the warlike Mars
Into a lover mild and sweet,
And Venus, looking down, may see
Another full as fair as she.

Astronomy is taught in schools,
And yet, if it were mine to choose,
I'd throw aside all books and rules,
And study it beside the Muse—
I'd study not in starlit skies,
But in Urania's liquid eyes!

ROSES AND SNOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ETTIE ROGERS.

"Beautiful!"
Yes, I grant it so.
Perfect face of roses and snow,
Cold as drifts where the north winds blow—
Roses, but not a blood warm glow.

"Form of a goddess—quite divine!"
Statue meet for a soulless shrine.
Marble carved from a sunless mine,
Bloodless and faultless, chill and due!

"High-bred? of passionless repose?
Passion hidden under the snows?
A hidden heart under the rose,
That may sweet loves and dreams inclose?"

I like not icy mystery,
And doubt your pale philosophy.

The dumb heart shivering alone
Must break or die or turn to stone;
And passion, chained, will waste with fire
Of its own kindling, and expire.

Sweet loves, sweet dreams, all things divine
Will rouse the blood and brain like wine,
And fire and rapt expression speak
Through snow of brow and rose of cheek.

"Beautiful!"
Yes, so let it be.
Hearts that speak are the hearts for me;
Not the pitiful bit of clay
Hid in a freezing breast away.
Nor for me to praise, nor adore
Bloodless perfection—nothing more!

THE PROMPTER'S STORY

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CELIA LOGAN.

Prompter Jim Glenby, *our* prompter, was very faithful to his duties—always attentive, quiet and temperate. Nobody ever saw him the least the worse for liquor. He was never known to give anybody a cross word, and yet, somehow, he was unpopular in the company. The low comedian—a jolly good fellow and an authority on matters of sociability—said that Glenby was sulky and never would join in any festivity. He was a silent man, with a preoccupied air. The low comedian called him close-mouthed and secretive, and, above all things, close-fisted. It was evident that there was some reason for the comedian's last charge, for Glenby never spent any money with friends, although he always got a good salary and was seldom out of a situation. What he did with his money nobody knew; but it was supposed he hoarded it, and every night after the performance used to drag out a big chest and count over his gold. This surmise, of course, arose from the witty L. C. Glenby certainly did not spend his salary in the vain adornment of his person, for even during the coldest days he went without an overcoat. Nobody ever saw him in a new suit; but if he changed his clothes, which was seldom, they always looked worn, as if they had come out of some second-hand shop.

He was scrupulously clean, though, and, when the old button-holes of his frayed shirt would no longer hold the buttons, leaving his collar to stand open, there would be caught a glimpse of a throat marvelously white and exquisitely moulded—it was as smooth and fine as if turned in ivory. Many a time, while standing at the wing as he shuffled over the leaves of the prompt-book, I could not help remarking the beauty of his hand—not so small, but of a shape that a woman might have envied. At a little distance—say across the stage—Jim looked about thirty years old, for he had that pure complexion and light hair, with a dash of red in it, which betokens Scotch extraction; so that, far off, his face seemed as free from wrinkles as an infant's. His hair, while not unkempt, was never close-cropped and carefully arranged, but fell in loose masses below his coat-collar; and, as it naturally divided around the back and shoulders, it looked like little stacks of wheat, rather gilded by a glowing crimson Autumn sun than silvered by a brilliant harvest-moon. But near to, Glenby appeared to be all of thirty-five or forty years old. Deep lines furrowed his forehead and ploughed their way around his clear blue eyes, and, not content with their ravages there, dug long ravines in the delicate skin about the well-cut mouth and handsome chin. As the red rose, ere it perishes, becomes pallid, so the undergrowth of Jim's hair had lost its vivid coloring, and was sickled o'er with the pale cast of gray.

He was of medium height, and possessed a soldier's unconscious grace. If there be any truth in the old saying that the shape of the foot betrays good birth, or the reverse, Jim Glenby should have been born an aristocrat, for not even his ill-fitting and sometimes broken boots could hide the perfect form of his foot.

Silent as he was, he could not altogether conceal that he had been well educated, and all disputes about the correct pronunciation of words, historical names and other literary questions were referred to him; and his decision—always given immediately and without reference to books—was accepted as incontrovertible.

Respected he was, liked he was not. Not that he held himself aloof as in any way superior to the other members of the company; but he never sought their society, and had not one friend, male or female. Whether he was married or not, nobody knew, as he never alluded to his private matters. He was called Jim behind his back, and Glenby to his face. He was thought superior mentally to his position, but not possessed of either energy or ability to rise above it. Who could dream that over this seemingly commonplace man there hung the memory of a tragedy that had darkened and embittered every moment of his later life?

One day Jim was missing from his post. A week passed, and he was still absent. It was rumored about that he was sick, and that a woman came to draw his salary. One day I asked her how he was, and that led to a speaking acquaintance. After he had been ill a long time, she told me that he had been removed to the hospital, and she thought some of the gentlemen ought to go and see him there. As soon as his condition was known, they did go, and paid him every attention. Although a man may not be a favorite, actors never fail to accord sympathy and aid to a comrade in distress. I too went once or twice to see him, and one day Mrs. Glenby left the hospital when I did. Jim was very low—was not expected to live—and her heart was breaking for that consolation which one mortal cannot accord to another in moments of supreme misery like hers. Full of pity, I went to the door of her home, and she asked me in. I went in, and, seeing that she was utterly broken and prostrated, I offered some conventional remarks about there being hope while there was life, and called her by his name. In a burst of agony, she said:

"I am not his wife—would I were! I have permitted you to suppose me Mrs. Glenby because to have undeceived you would have necessitated the telling of a story for which there has been no opportunity until now."

She needed no urging to talk, having arrived at that point when a woman, if not a man, must

Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

In her language I give the prompter's story:

"I was born and brought up in the city of ——. My father was a steam-boat captain, and owned one of the finest sternwheelers that ever

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

E. S. A.—Miss Sara Jewett informs us that she (then a member of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre Company) began an engagement in Galveston, Texas, Dec. 26, 1875, which terminated Jan. 8, 1876. During that time she acted Fanny in "Divorce," Louise in "The Two Orphans" and Eugenia in "The Big Bonanza." As "The Two Orphans" did not constitute a portion of the regular repertory of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre Company, it may be well to explain how it came to be played there. While this company was fulfilling an engagement in the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La., "The Two Orphans" was announced for production for the first time in that city Dec. 2, 1875, at the Academy of Music, and the manager of the Varieties Theatre also produced it in a very hurried manner on the same date. It was evidently produced in Galveston to forestall the Parish Combination, the manager of which had purchased the sole right of representation, as he thought, from the New York managers and owners of the play.

OLYMPIC PETITE, Auburn.—There was nothing in the article to suggest that she was the first steamship to cross the Atlantic. "The primitive steamship Great Western" was correct, because the Great Western, while not the first vessel to cross the Atlantic by means of steam, and not even strictly the first to cross from east to west, was the first steamer expressly built to make the voyage from east to west. The Sirius, a steamer not built to ply on the Atlantic, arrived here a few hours before the Great Western (but on the same day, in 1838), and the Savannah, a sailing-vessel transformed into a steamer, had made the eastward passage in 1819.

ROBERT GILMORE, Geneva.—1. No. 2. British "Fistiana" is not on sale, it not having been published for several years past. 2. When Jimmy Shaw's Jacko killed 1,000 rats in 100 minutes, the rodents were put into the pit 209 at a time, and no rats were removed until all were dead. When the referee pronounced the rats dead, the pit was cleared, and in the meantime the dog's mouth was sponged with milk and water. The watch was stopped while this was being done. 4. Not necessarily. Sometimes such birds are very good fighters.

JOSEPH, Middleboro.—1. Heenan did not strike him while in that position, but made use of the ropes to aid him in squeezing Sayers. 2 He did not commit a foul, but the rules have been revised since, and now hugging on the ropes, and the unfair hold of the rope of stakes to assist in squeezing an adversary, are prohibited, and a man held by the neck against a stake, or against or upon the ropes, is considered down. 3. Not obtainable at this late day. 4. Such a sign would not be out of place.

NELLIE.—We can trace nothing of that name, nor can Mr T. C. Faulkner, one of the best-posted men on that subject, who has kindly co-operated with us in the matter. It is not improbable that there has been such for a brief period. We have known an organization of that kind to take a dozen different names within fewer than that number of years. Should you not know of anything that will cause the hair grow on eyelids.

J. C. JR., Kenton.—If E could make the two he gave, his hand would put him out. B's statement is correct, but after his hand has been disposed of. More plainly, E was not playing 11 up to B's 10.

F. M.—Neither is out as yet. A will be out on making sancho, provided B cannot make any two of the game points—high, low and game. These, with jack third in order, count before sancho, which precedes pedro.

J. A. R., Wallingford.—You cannot play card-poker with a full deck. You can play poker dice. It is then poker-dice or dice-poker, and sixes beat aces. They must beat aces at any game of dice.

A. A.—Charles Fechter made his American debut in Niblo's Garden, this city, under the management of Jarrett & Palmer, Jan. 10, 1870, acting the title character in "Ruy Blas."

J. R. S., Rondout.—1. A counts the fifteen B has failed to call. That is what "muggins" means. 2. There are two dummies. 3. The party for whom trump is turned can take dummy.

W. F. C., Norich.—Your former letter was handed to a dealer, who communicated with you. A first-class bicycle will cost you $100, and can be supplied by Ed. James.

C. E. A., Baltimore.—No answers by mail. There are several persons of that name in the circus business, all of whom are relatives of Seth Howes of the original firm of Howes & Cushing.

G. N. R., Bridgeport.—You must excuse our declining to "count up" impossible hands at cribbage. The proper reason for such declination we gave last week in our answer to "G. A. T.," South Norwalk.

G. W. T., Dundalk.—1. She is his wife. 2. That cannot be done at euchre proper. There is a mongrel game called railroad euchre, at which both sides can go alone, after calling for and getting "partner's hand."

C. C., Hastings.—No one is recognized as champion in that line of business. 2. A matter of opinion entirely. 3. No. 4. James Cusick was with Heenan at the time of the latter's death.

P. H. L., Philadelphia.—Three dollars received Nov. 12, but there was no letter with it, so we did not know what it was for. Please send copy, and we will insert advertisement.

J. L. O., Lambertville.—If, as you state, A expressly contracted to beat B, without the latter specifically agreeing to it, then A has made A loser. "Matched" are not usually made in that way.

CHEYENNE CHARLEY, Carbondale.—1. No point has precedence over another. 2. Casino was never intended to be played with a handicap. He must have more cards than anybody else can possibly get.

S. L., Phila.—The way to punish is for the player who overpegged to be pegged back as many holes as he took beyond those to which he was entitled, while his opponent pegs himself forward an equal number.

J. F., London.—1. In both fights between Charley Lynch and Simon Finlight the latter was confined to 112 lbs. 2. The fight between Lynch and Dan Thomas was at 118lbs, Lynch giving away over six pounds.

MISS J. C., Binghamton.—There is a circus company now performing in the Bowery Theatre in this city. No answers by mail.

S. W.—If it was agreed that sweeps should not count out, why play sweeps at all? Under that agreement, *it* could not, of course, count out on sweeps.

P. D. G., Binghamton.—The only work we know of is that published by Beadle & Co. in their dime series of handbooks.

EXCELSIOR DODGERS.—It was the Winter of 1875-6 that there was no skating at Central Park. There was skating there in 1876-7.

A. R.—Four cards being 5, 6, 4, 7, 5, the player of the last 5 takes a run of four. 2. Nothing counts in case of a misdeal. There must be a fresh deal.

A READER, Brooklyn.—The forty points count as soon as dealer's B has not to make *two* tricks in order to count the forty.

CONICAL BROWN.—1. A is out on his jack. 2. A "skunk" is possible in every kind of game. B was "skunked" in this game.

A CONSTANT READER, Boston.—It is not a vote, nor equivalent to one. It is an act of far greater consequence than a mere vote.

BOB AND SAXIE, Chicago.—A player can *call* his hand what he pleases. The *game* wins, except where one player has told the other that his hand is "good."

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—1. Hemmingway and others have written it up. 2. Of a first class bookstore in Boston.

G. G., U. S. S. Swatara.—You answer the question when you say that B gave A the boots and $40. A could gain neither more nor less than B lost—$40 and the boots.

JOHN CORLESS, Rosedale.—1. William Lang ("Crowcatcher"), the English runner, is 5ft. 8in. high. 2. British "Fistiana" has been out of print for some years.

E. P. D., Cincinnati.—The Boston B. B. Club were awarded the champion pennant of the League Association at the close of the last season.

R. H., Warren.—Letters addressed to the managers of the shows named in care of this office will be likely to reach them.

LADY READER, Toronto.—It is an advertisement of the parties who sell the engravings. We have nothing to do with it.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—The Stadt Theatre, this city, has the largest seating capacity of all the theatres in this country.

C. B., Meriden.—1. Send 50 cents to Ed. James, as per his advertisement, and he will send you the book desired. 2. Persons have learned the art in that manner.

B., Chicago.—Any "champion" who refuses to accept a fair and reasonable game to contend for the title forfeits all claim to the position.

DENNIS, San Francisco.—Patsy Foy beat Bill Blackwood, Harry Cooper, and Jack Kelleher, and was beaten by Reed and Johnny Harper.

CONSTANT READER, Petersburg.—We cannot play checkers on a backgammon board. In many cases the back of a backgammon board is "scored" for checkers, however.

F. H. B., Brooklyn.—B cannot change threes to seven, or to anything else. Had A made it six, then B could have raised it.

STUDENT.—The best "work" on such a subject is one of the several museums of this city devoted to that specialty. A list of books can also be found there.

H. G. AND A. Y., Brooklyn.—1. It is not called "Eng lish." 2. There can be a "draw" shot either with or without "English."

JAMES SHAW, Newark.—Billy Edwards' last fight was with Sam Collyer. Tom Allen and Arthur Chambers seconded Edwards.

MARLBOWNY.—We do not know any jockey of the name of John S. Campbell. He may possibly be connected with some of the Southern or Western stables.

R. J. HARTFORD.—A holds only one B, and takes but two. If a regular euchre there can be but one lone hand at a time.

A FREEMAN, Phila.—1. You win. 2. John W. Smith was the first to do "Old Bob Ridley." 3. You had better look at the different times recorded in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

H. W. RANCHFIELD, Whitinsville.—1. Ed. James can supply you. 2. Four—feather, light, middle and heavy weight.

FLORA TEMPLE died Dec. 31, 1877.

CONSTANT READER, Sacramento.—We cannot give you the name of the Pittsburg, Pa., patent sausage-stuffing machine manufacturers.

A. MCC., Youngsville.—The player who was first to make 21 should have called out at once. No one point has precedence over another.

A. R.—Four sixes constitute the highest hand at poker, whether mere straights are played or not, unless it has been specifically agreed to play straight-flushes.

NO. 101.—B's high puts him out, if he can make one more point, each, before dealer, or even the two he gave. A's low is of no use if B can make two.

E. C. H., Girard.—We do not think they can be had with music; but Ed. James of 88 and 90 Centre street, this city, can send you a book containing the words for 25 cents.

OLD SCRIBERIER.—He has acted in that tragedy in that theatre many times; but never before Jan. 7 in the particular version he then produced.

E. J. R., Toronto.—Will try and answer next week. G. Seward's time, 9½sec., is the best for 100 yards.

PROFESSIONAL.—A dramatic agency published one number of an advertising paper with that title.

J. B.—The stage of the Bowery Theatre is larger than any other in this country.

W. M. J. B., Houghton.—It was "explained" in our issue of Jan. 5.

VICTIM, St. Louis.—We cannot give any opinion about lotteries.

VERMONT, St. Albans.—Express the "prima-donna" is with Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, Philadelphia.

H. W., Auburn.—Did not see *The Syracuse Courier* of Dec. 30 and Jan. 6.

L. S.—A player holding only four cards at poker cannot win.

FAIRMOUNT PARK, Phila.—At draw-dominoes a player can draw whenever he pleases, when it is his turn to play.

USHER, Petersburg.—They are not divorced. No; she is the daughter of the stage-manager of the company.

CONTRIBUTOR.—No answers as to double pinochle and such mongrel games.

T. S., Toronto.—Address a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

J. T. FOWLER, Faxburg.—We have no means of obtaining accurate information upon the subject.

W. F. JUNGLING, Wheeling.—Guess not. Edward Handan was brought up to the business of a fisherman.

J. F. WALSH, Phila.—Yankee Sullivan's right name was Frank Ambrose.

THE STAGE.—She is a daughter of the person named, and is between 17 and 18 years of age.

MISS DELLA G., Washington.—1. Watch our minstrel summary. 2. Cannot say.

"KITTY MAGUIRE."—Try another, and make it shorter, and it it is used you will be renumerated for it.

THOS. HENNESSY, St. Louis.—Send address, and we will return your letter.

FIREMAN, Allegheny.—*The Fire Record*, weekly, is published at 65 Liberty street, this city.

CHAS. LAROUT.—Money paid for two insertions.

UNION LEAGUE CLUB.—See answer to "Star."

T. W. L., Ottawa.—It is a matter of opinion.

P. W., Fort Randall.—See James Butler Hickok.

J. M. M., Lacrosse.—The dealer was right.

BILL, Bullalo.—The jack counts at or on.

JACK, Auburn.—It is probably defunct.

POMP.—Married only once, so we believe.

C. B. REILEY.—No letters at present.

J. H. F., Boston.—We prefer Flint.

T. S. D.—"The Kiss" will be given.

DECLINER.—"All Alone."

G. F., St. Louis.—Yes.

H. W.—B loses.

CONSIDERING the many high-sounding names appended to the tender of a testimonial benefit to the veteran actor John Brougham, it was fully expected that quite a large sum of money would be realized by the auction sale of boxes on Friday; but the result was a sad disappointment, less than one thousand dollars being the amount taken in. Let us *hope* that the high-toned signers may surprise us by the amount of their subscriptions!

NOTWITHSTANDING the many opportunities given by church fairs for the reduction of the stock of pincushions and similar articles of vertu, we are told that the supply has not been exhausted. It is probable that a portion of the surplus on hand will be sent out to our foreign missionaries to aid "the heathen in his blindness."

THOSE ENTERPRISING GENTLEMEN in Connecticut who reaped such a rich harvest during the Centennial year by manufacturing "real imported Japanese goods" complain of a depression in their trade, and a lukewarmness in the wants of the community. Does this sad state of affairs bode a falling-off in our love of art?

BILLY CHANDLER has got his hands full—wherever he appears, whether upon the rostrum or in a street-car, every constituent he meets importunes him to "Write Me a Letter from Home!" New Hampshire is all ablaze with enthusiasm, and "Every Man His Own Letter-writer" lies dormant on the booksellers' shelves.

AND STILL ANOTHER Insurance officer "gone wrong." Mr. Wetmore, vice-president of the Security Life-insurance Company, has been convicted of conspiracy, and sentenced to imprisonment. He will doubtless find his new quarters rather more secure than the old concern proved to be. Next!

THIS YEAR there will be several eclipses of the son, the most important of which will be those of bank and insurance officials—a number of them will last from one to five years, the presidents, cashiers, etc., being totally invisible during that period.

THE NEW CORONER of Philadelphia congratulates the old and retiring official on the success which attended his efforts during the past year. It gives us great pleasure to chronicle such pleasant interchanges of courtesies.

THE BRIDEGROOM turneth not up, neither doth the Lordly bride come to the front. It is not true that Mr. Lord is of the Quaker persuasion, although he *is* known to be a Hicksite!

THE DISCUSSION as to a future place of punishment for the wicked grows warmer and warmer, and threatens to become red-hot before a satisfactory decision is arrived at.

POLICE ATHLETIC CLUB SPORTS.

Seldom before since the transformation of the old railroad depot at Fourth avenue and Twenty-seventh street, this city, into a place of amusement, were so many people packed within the walls of the building at one time as gathered on Saturday evening of annual indoor entertainment by the members of the Police Athletic Club on Monday evening, Jan. 7. Following, as the meeting did, so close upon the heels of a two-evening tournament at the same place, participated in by the leading athletes of the country, it was hardly to be expected that an entertainment made up almost wholly of a series of competitions between beginners, who without reputation in any branch of athletic exercise, would be of no more than what is ordinarily termed "a good house;" however, the publicity given the proceedings at the preliminary meeting, the series of preliminary press notices of the entertainment, coupled with the charitable object thereof, induced the general public to turn out unprecedentedly strong. Not only was every seat in this immense auditorium occupied, but there were hundreds of persons who, unable to secure even standing-room in that part of the building set apart for spectators, invaded the track, and swarmed within the inclosure sacred to the officials, contestants and members of the press-gang. It is safe to estimate the number present as closely crowding ten thousand; and though lack of accommodation for this immense throng rendered the unavoidable effect of upsetting the arrangements to some extent, and throughout the evening occasioned considerable confusion and uproar, yet those having charge managed matters quite as well as could be expected. None of the events on the programme (which was not comdeted, owing to the lateness of the hour) were of a nature to require particular mention, but it is proper to say that the performances of the policemen attested that they are not retrograding under Prot. Miller's tuition. The officers were: Judges, Capt. A. S. Williams, Wm. Muldoon, and Wm. Delmater; Judge of wrestling, Harry Hill; judge of boxing, Wm. Clark; starter, John Fraser; clerk of the course, John Goulding; scorers, W. I. K. Kendrick and Geo. D. Parmly; timekeeper, Ed. Plummer. The results follow:

Seventy-five yards run—J. Grasick, 1; J. Madison, 2; S. Coon, 3. Won easily. Time, 8⅝s.

Two hundred and twenty yards run, for 200lb men—M. McCarty, 1; J. W. Phillips, 2; S. B. Remley, 3. Time, 32⅗s.

Heavy-weight sparring—First bout: James Pilkington, 1; John Britton, 2. Second bout: James Pilkington, 1; M. Walsh, 2.

Middle-weight sparring—Chris. Brady, 1; J. T. Masterson, 2. Wm. C. McClellan the professional and Detective Thomas J. Adams also played the spectators with a boxing set-to, which was not marked by earnestness on the part of the former.

One-mile walk, 200lb men—Wm Muldoon, 1; J. W. Phillips, 2; M. McCarty, disqualified. The spectators, by hooting and hissing, manifested their objection to Muldoon's faulty style of progression, and bestowed liberal applause upon Phillips, but the medal was awarded to the former; time, 8m. 3s.

Walk against time, half mile—After making one circuit, Wm. Miller, the club's instructor, settled down into a good walking gait, and, for so big a heavy a man, got over the ground very lively. Time, 3.43⅘s.

Tug-of-war.—This was between teams of ten from the Police and Scottish-American A. C. After pulling 3m. 25½s. the Scots-Americans, who dragged over the mark, it was subsequently discovered that the men in blue had roped in a husky fellow who was not a member of the force, and Captain Williams ordered, later in the evening, that the tug be gone through with again. The policemen's team of nine men at their end of the rope the second time, but they held their own for 20m. 2½s., when, it being past midnight, the gas was turned off, and the contest terminated in a draw.

Bicycle race, five miles—Wm. De Noielle, 1; Miller's Unknown, 2. They had to traverse the track eight times to complete a mile, and for over twelve laps the Unknown was trailed by De Noielle, who then dashed ahead and held the pride of place until coming down the straight for the last time, when the Unknown drew upon, fouled, and threw De Noielle, to whom the race was given.

Wrestling—Graco-Roman—First bout: Wm. Muldoon, 1; Mons. Emille, 2. Muldoon cleverly gained two successive falls, in 2m. 43⅘s. and 1m. 8s. respectively. Second bout: Bonhagen, 1; Thos. F. Adams, 2. Time, 8m. 35⅘s. *Collar-and-elbow*—First bout, for club medal: James Quigley, 1; Wm. Heavisides, 2; one fall. Charles Murphy (professional), 1; Jas. Quigley, 2; one fall. Time, 8⅘s.

AT THE CREEDMOOR GALLERY, Richmond, Va., A. N. Fizzini made the best score for the week ending Jan. 12, to wit: Position, Bodine; range, 100 feet; 10 shots; 42 out of a possible 50.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Jan. 7: Freezing weather through the country—and the ministers still discussed hell..... Senator Patterson said he wouldn't resign..... Ohio Legislature organized.....Brooklyn Aldermen had another deadlock.....Pottsville, Pa., Bank went up.....William E. Smith inaugurated Governor of Wisconsin.....Something wrong in the Indian Bureau.....Caucus of the Woman-suffrage Convention at Washington. Committees appointed to interview Congressmen.....Catherine McCue hanged herself in a Brooklyn police-station. Officer cut her down, and she didn't die. .....Mayor and City Council of Memphis, Tenn., before a court for contempt.....H. R. Hinkley recovered $25,000 in bonds stolen from the Northampton Bank. He will keep them under his bed hereafter.....Two girls drowned while skating near Hyannis, Mass.....Dennis Donnelly sentenced to be hanged in Pottsville, Pa.....Charter Oak's ex-officers bailed.....Forty-two degrees below zero in Maine.....City news: Mayor's Message sent to the Aldermen; and still they asked with one accord: "Where, oh, where is the bridegroom, Lord?" skating in the rink; Fourth ball at the Academy.....Vice-president Wetmore of the Security Insurance Company put on trial; Receiver Best paid $223,000 to National Trust depositors—the best yet; Thomas Dusenbury, aged 72, dropped dead in his Front-street store..... Boiler explosion in Lowell, Mass. One man fatally hurt.....Kerosene-lamp blew up in Meriden, Ct. One man burned, one fatally.....By cable: Russia wanted to talk peace alone; Joseph Anderson & Son, London provision merchants, failed for a million.....Fires: Riverside Press building, Boston—damage $11,000; Berry's block at Nashua, N. H.—loss $25,000; Kellogg's block at Ripon, Wis.—loss $30,000; a business block at Lagrange, Ind.—loss $30,000; tannery at Beadfield, Me.—loss $7,000; Tierney's drygoods store at Renfrew, Ont.—loss $15,000.

*** Jan. 8: New Jersey's Legislature organized.....Ex-Governor Bullock of Georgia acquitted by a jury.....Two convicts escaped from the New Brunswick, N. J., jail.....Wendell Phillips replied to J. Bancroft Davis' attack on Charles Sumner.....Sale of Plymouth Church pews for 1878 brought $36,929.....Jersey City's ex-Mayor O'Neill was found not guilty.....Deadlock in the Pennsylvania Legislature.....American Dairymen's Association met in Cleveland. Frank Moulton testified about salt.....Teacher of a Montreal school dropped dead in the school-room.....Hudson River frozen over above Catskill.....Sixteen-year-old Eliza Soper, a Long Island girl, eloped with a man of sixty. Soper-verse.....Burglars walked off with $4,000 from an express-office in Dexter, Me.....A Jersey City barmaid knocked down and robbed.....Copy-holder of *The Indianapolis Sentinel* fell from a bunk in the station-house and was killed.....The former postmaster of Fort Bidwell, Cal., sentenced to ten months' imprisonment.....City news: Workingmen's meeting in Tompkins square a failure; Israel Kahn dropped dead in Broadway; Central Park lake crowded with skaters; the venerable Thurlow Weed tripped and fell in the Vienna Bakery, seriously injuring himself; Mr. Lord might have heard something to his advantage by calling at any newspaper office; Vice-president Wetmore of the Security Life-insurance Company found guilty.....Frank Greavers, gambler, arrested in Jackson, Miss., for the murder of Benjamin Valden.....By cable: Turks still retreating; Midhat Pasha left Paris for London; the last of the Fenian prisoners released.....Fires: No. 179 Hester street, this city, damaged to the amount of $6,000; 144 Second Canal street, this city—loss $1,500. Three failures in Chicago.....Geo. A. Cochrane & Co., cheese merchants, Montreal, failed with liabilities estimated at $300,000.

*** Jan. 9: State Senate Committees announced. .....Balloting for Kentucky Senator continued..... Mariam Berry shot and killed at Dover, N. H., by John L. Pinkham, Man after the package was delivered to her.....Bank of California declared its first dividend since suspension.....George Y. Kline sentenced at Bordentown, N. J., to ten years' imprisonment for killing his brother-in-law..... Wm. S. Pontin, who was to have been married in the evening, left his home in Brooklyn and shot himself on a Jersey City ferryboat.....Earthquake in Illinois, Ill.....Barn and contents burned in Hazelton, Pa.....Call for a national convention of the "National Party" at Toledo, O., Wendell Phillips and Peter Cooper among the signers. .....Social Science Association in Boston.....The Hon. J. D. Abbott of Barnett, Vt., took poison because he was a defaulter.....Man killed in the Bancroft mine, near Ashland, Pa.....Train on the Erie East Canevillo, N. Y., ran off; engineer fatally injured.....Oka Indians put on trial at St. Scholastique, Ca.....Ontario Parliament opened.....City news: Owney Geoghegan shot James Rose; excavation finished in the Barclay-street ruins; Joseph P. Wall kicked his wife so that she died; William Gould died in the East Canevillo, N. Y., jail, from "California George;" Wall-street's latest sensation, the failure of E. J. Dunning Jr.; ex-Vice-president Wetmore of the Security Company sentenced to one year in the Penitentiary; Max Winter, a fugitive from Vienna, was received with open arms by two policemen before he could disembark.....By cable: Death of Victor Emmanuel; Turkey's commissioners to confer with Russia about armistice; bark Pensiero run down in the Bristol Channel—ten persons drowned.....Fires: Daniel McCorry's livery stable, West Thirteenth street, this city, thirteen horses perishing; post-office and business block in Laurinburg, N. C.—loss about $25,000; saw-mill at East Taunton, Mass.—loss $7,000; Century Club-house, this city, slightly damaged.

*** Jan. 10: Woman-suffragists interviewed Senators and Vice-president.....George H. Pendleton nominated United States Senator by the Ohio Democrats.....The Assembly passed a resolution opposing the Bland bill. Some people oppose it, but the session will not be molested..... .....Washington paper said Secretary Schurz had tendered his resignation. Will the President change his Schurz?.....Congress in session again.....Richard H. Dana, third, married at Cambridge, Mass., to Edith, daughter of the poet Longfellow.....Deputy-sheriff of Concord, Ky., killed by a train thief.....One man killed and two badly injured by explosion in the Wadesville mine, near Pottsville, Pa.....Thief stole ex-Sheriff Williams' diamond pin in a Brooklyn street-car.....First issue of *The St. Louis Evening Post*.....Mrs. John Long killed on the railroad at Auburn, N. Y.....John Smith to the front again—fatally stabbed a man in Lockport, N. Y.....W. W. Churchill & Co., leading Boston drygoods firm, suspended..... City news: California George captured by the police; E. J. Dunning's liabilities estimated at $900,000; Arthur Leary made Police-commissioner; Francis S. Wynkoop in bankruptcy—liabilities, $288,000; intercollegiate oratorical contest at the Academy.....Williams took first prize; disappearance of H. B. Cutter.....Two people following $60,000; Wm. Kennedy escaped from the Blackwell's Island Penitentiary; Mrs. Joseph P. Wall died from injuries inflicted by her husband; no Lord, no Hicks.....By cable: Turks driven from Shipka Pass and several thousand made prisoners; no armistice yet agreed upon; body of Victor Emmanuel laid in state at the Quirinal; news of a great fire in Honolulu—loss $250,000.....Fire destroyed Kessler's tannery in St. Louis—loss $25,000.....Building No. 45 Cedar street, this city, damaged by fire to the extent of $5,000.

*** Jan. 11: Secretary Schurz denied the resignation story. He's resigned to his position..... Glover investigating resolutions passed the House.....Lunacies in Jersey City.....Sing Sing convict, arrested in Philadelphia.....Injunction served on the Charter Oak Company..... Buffalo prisoner threw lime in the jailer's eyes and attempted to escape.....The Woman-suffragists demanded "their rights" before the Senate committee. Elizabeth Cady Stanton among the spokeswomen.....Teresa Reynolds murdered in Pawtucket, R. I.....Ex-Chancery Commissioner Raber of Brooklyn fined $1,500 for clubbing a woman. Charity does not begin in a club. .....Williams slightly ahead on the Kentucky Senatorship.....Andrew Jones sentenced at Portland, Me., to four years' imprisonment for manslaughter.....Negro hanged by the citizens of Rankin, Miss.....Death of Richard C. McCormick and mother of ex-Governor McCormick—Jamaica, L. I., Jan. 11, aged 66.

MASON, Thomas T.—A retired merchant and secretary of the Home Missionary Church of Philadelphia—that city, Jan. 10, aged 71.

O'NEILL, John—The notorious Fenian leader. An Irishman by birth, he was brought to this country by his parents when a boy. He joined the Second Dragoons years before the war, serving for eight years under Colonel Robert E. Lee. In the war he took the Union side. One of his exploits was the capture of the guerrilla Morgan, in 1864, at Nashville. He was wounded severely and laid up in hospital, and when he was next heard of had raised a Tennessee battalion of Fenians and was "off for the border." He crossed it at Fort Erie in June, 1866, had a little success at Ridgeway, fell back on Fort Erie, fought again, and then, as Sweeney did not bring up the expected reinforcements, recrossed the Niagara, being made prisoner en route, with all his forces, by the United States authorities. Four years later, having been elected to the Fenian presidency, he tried his luck at St. Albans, failing, and surrendering himself without resistance to a United States marshal. He had founded a colony known as O'Neill City, in Nebraska, and was making efforts to increase Irish immigration—Omaha, Neb., Jan. 11, aged 57.

PONTIN, William S.—A clerk in the employ of A. W. Ketcham & Co., this city. On the evening of the day when he was to have been married to a young and beautiful girl, he committed suicide, shooting himself on board one of the Jersey City ferryboats. No cause could be assigned for the act—this city, Jan. 9, aged 24.

PODESTA-ONETTA, Angela—An Italian woman who came to this country in 1848, and took up her residence in Cincinnati. She was twice married, the second time at the age of eighty-six. She retained her faculties to a remarkable degree, and is said, when a hundred years old, to have danced all night at a ball—Cincinnati, O., Jan. 11, aged, it is said, 120.

RASPAIL, Francois Vincent—A French naturalist and revolutionist. He studied at the Seminary of Avignon, settled in Paris in 1815 as a scientific writer, and was in 1830 wounded during the Revolution. He was subsequently a journalist, spending many years in prison on account of his revolutionary writings. In 1847 he led a populace in 1848 to proclaim the Republic, and was afterwards again imprisoned till 1854, although elected in 1849 to the National Assembly. In 1869 he was elected to the legislative body, and joined Rochefort in editing *The Marseillaise*. In 1870-71 he was identified with the Commune movement. He was, during his long life of political turmoil, the author of many important scientific works—Paris, Jan. 8, aged 84.

RUHMKORFF, Henry Daniel—A distinguished Paris electrician and scientist. He was the inventor of the famous "Ruhmkorff coil," which was first produced in 1851. The invention was rewarded by a decoration and medal at the Exhibition of 1855, while in 1858 it received the first prize of 50,000 francs at the French Exhibition of Electrical Apparatus. Since then the manufacture of the coils and of electrical machines in general has assumed enormous dimensions—Paris, Dec. 20, aged 74.

SPENCE, Mark—A leading citizen and one of the Commissioners of Clark County, O.—Pike Township, O., Jan. 8.

SIPES, Mary—Widow of the late John Sipes, one of the "Old Defenders" of Baltimore, Md., who died fifty odd years ago. Mrs. Sipes was born and spent her entire life in Baltimore, excepting two or three years, when she resided in the White House during the Presidency of Jefferson, where she was employed. Mrs. Sipes had seen all the Presidents of the United States having recently visited Mr. Hayes, with whom she had a pleasant and protracted interview—South Baltimore, Md., Jan. 9, aged 99 years 4 months.

SWEET, Joseph—Said to be the oldest citizen of Providence, R. I. He was active in business nearly all his life—Providence, Jan. 9, aged 95.

ST. MARCEL, E. Boneau de—A portrait-painter and Polish refugee. In his native country he is said to have borne the title of Count Jabloulsky. Upon his banishment to this country he established himself in St. Louis, where he won considerable distinction as an artist. In the year 1855 he painted the panorama of the Crimean War, with which he traveled until its destruction in the burning of the old Mechanics' Hall in Norfolk, Va. That disaster induced the unfortunate exile to settle in that city, and he established himself as a portrait-painter, becoming well known and popular as an artist. Found dead in his studio—Norfolk, Va., Jan. 11.

STEVENS, William—A prominent citizen of Lawrence, Mass., where he was Justice of the Police Court. He had been a member of both the Maine and Massachusetts Legislatures—Lawrence, Mass., Jan. 7, aged 79.

SHIELDS, Richard—The venerable minister of the Methodist Church—Philadelphia, Jan. 8, aged 70.

SPILLER, Robert M.—A retired Baltimore merchant, owner of the "Spiller Building" in that city—Baltimore, Jan. 10.

VICTOR EMMANUEL—King of Italy. He was the oldest son of Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, and of Theresa, daughter of the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany. He was named Maria Alberto Eugenio Ferdinando Tammaso Vittorio Emmanuele. In 1849 Charles Albert abdicated the throne of Sardinia in favor of his son. The latter continued to reign until 1859, when the unfriendly relations between Sardinia and Austria led to another war, in which Victor Emmanuel was aided by Napoleon III. This conflict lost Lombardy to the Austrians, deprived the Princes of Naples, Tuscany, Parma and Modena of their principalities, and made Victor Emmanuel King of Italy. His title was established by the Parliament assembled in Turin March 17, 1861. In 1870 the King joined with the Prussians in still another war upon Austria, in which he was not victorious, although Prussia was. The capital of Italy, which had previously been changed from Turin to Florence, was removed, in 1871, to Rome. He was married first in 1842 to the Archduchess of Austria, who died in 1855. His liaison with Rositta Vercellana began shortly after, with whom he lived in morganatic marriage until her death, which occurred not long ago. He left four legitimate children, the oldest of whom, Humbert, succeeds to the throne. Victor Emmanuel's death was sudden, and when announced in Rome caused widespread grief—Rome, Italy, Jan. 9, aged 57.

VAN RENSSELAER, Ransom—A resident of this city. He left a "German" party at Red Bank, N. J., to go skating, broke through the ice, and died from the effects of the shock—Jan. 9.

WRIGHT, Thomas—The eminent English antiquarian. He was one of the founders of the Camden, Percy and Shakespeare societies, and in conjunction with Charles Roach Smith established the British Archæological Association, whose journal he edited for several years. Mr. Wright was selected by Napoleon to translate into English his "Vie de Cæsar"—recently, aged 67.

WILLIAMSON, David—A pioneer of Hamilton County, O. He was formerly engaged in business in Cincinnati, where he was much esteemed—Colerain Township, O., Jan. 8, aged 69.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

CONTRIBUTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ANDERSON, Richard C.—A descendant of a prominent Kentucky family, and a member of the Legislature of that State. He was a college classmate of President Hayes. He died suddenly of apoplexy—Dayton, O., Jan. 10.

AUGUSTINE, Henry F.—Formerly curate at St. Alphonso's Church, Philadelphia—there, Jan. 8, aged 34.

BARKER, George T.—A prominent Philadelphia dentist and a professor in the Pennsylvania Dental College—Philadelphia, Jan. 10, aged 41.

BRITTON, John P.—Committed suicide while temporarily insane—Black Rock, Ct., Jan. 13, aged 90.

BACKUS, Charles—Formerly a prominent merchant of Boston and Montreal, and member of the Canadian Parliament—Pictou, Ont., Jan. 11.

BULGARIS, Demetrius—The Greek statesman. He entered political life in 1833, and served for some years in the Senate without gaining distinction. During the Crimean War he was made President of the Council, and by the revolution of 1862 he became President of the Provisional Government of Athens. When King George mounted the throne, Bulgaris was made Minister of the Interior. At the time of his death he was chief of the Greek Revolutionary Committee—Athens, Jan. 10, aged 76.

COUSIN-MONTAUBAN, Chas. G. M. A. A.—Count de Palikao and a general in the French Army. He distinguished himself in the campaign of 1823 as an aide-de-camp to Gen. Toussaint. After long service in Algeria he went to China, where he operated in conjunction with the English forces, and received his title of Count Palikao. In 1861 he was made a Senator. At the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian War he succeeded Emile Ollivier as Prime-minister, acting also as Minister of War. To him is commonly attributed a large share of the responsibility for the disastrous result at Sedan, upon the occurrence of which, he fled to Belgium. During the discussions preliminary to peace he returned and placed himself at the disposition of M. Thiers, and in 1871 he published a vindication of himself—Paris, Jan. 8, aged 81.

COLLIER, Sir Robert—Solicitor-General to King William IV, and one of the famous doctors of a generation ago. He was one of the three lecturers at Guy's Hospital, and fully 3,000 pupils studied under him. Among his medical works were his "Celsus" and "Code of Safety." Dr. Collier, knowing William Palmer the poisoner, took great interest in the latter's trial, and spent $500 in the case, but when he was hanged, in 1856, some facts coming to his knowledge tending to criminate Palmer, Dr. Collier declined to bring forward the evidence—London, recently.

COBBETT, William—A son of William Cobbett the celebrated English politician and Radical writer. He became widely known for the strenuous efforts he made in behalf of the Tichborne claimant. He fell dead in Westminster Hall—London, Jan. 12.

COOK, Mary—Well known in art circles in this city. She was one of the founders of the Ladies' Art Association of New York—here, Jan. 11.

COOMBS, Nathan—The pioneer turfman. See notice under "Turf."

DE LANCEY, Edward—San Francisco—He was the leading representative of the Californians at the Cohunga Pass Conference between the American forces under Fremont and the Mexican troops under Pico, and successfully advocated a cessation of hostilities and an acquiescence in American occupation—Santa Barbara, Cal., Jan. 9, aged 60.

DORION, Jacques—A prominent physician of St. Ours, Quebec. He studied in Paris, and is said to have been the first Canadian to take a medical course in Europe. He played an active part in the rebellion of 1837-8—Quebec, Can., recently, aged 78.

DESHLER, John G.—One of the oldest and best-known citizens of Columbus, O. He was appointed Confidential Secretary to President Tyler, and for a time was engaged in the commission business in Buffalo. He was several times elected to the Legislature. A man of large wealth, he was especially prominent in acts of charity. He dropped dead in front of his residence—Columbus, O., Jan. 8, aged 60.

DE LAMATER, James—A printer, well known throughout the West and in New York and Washington—Albany, N. Y., Jan. 8.

FRANKLIN, John R.—Associate-judge of the First Judicial District of Maryland. Judge Franklin was first elected to the bench in 1867, but in a contest was thrown out by the Legislature in favor of Hon. Thos. A. Spence. He was re-elected to the bench in 1869. He had been quite prominent in Congress, was once Speaker of the House of Delegates of Maryland, and a member of the peace conference in 1861—Snow Hill, Md., Jan. 11.

GIBBS, Benjamin W.—For forty years a merchant of Cambridge, Mass.—there, Jan. 6, aged 65.

GASTON, Leroy B.—A well-known Presbyterian minister of Memphis, Tenn.; dropped dead in the street in Helena, Ark.—Jan. 7.

GREVE, WILLIAM—Commodore of the White Cross line of Belgian steamers. He died on board his ship, the Hermann Ludvig—at sea, recently, aged 31.

HATCHER, William—An old citizen of Parkersburg, Va. He had been for many years a clerk of the court. He fell dead while seated in church—Parkersburg, W. Va., Jan. 6, aged 80.

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AQUATIC.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the executive committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen was held at Capt. Power's Knickerbocker Cottage, this city, on Saturday evening, Jan. 12, the chair being occupied by Alex. Krumbhaar of the Philadelphia Barge Club. The routine business having been gone through with, the question of adding a junior sculler's race to the programme for the annual regatta came up, and, after some discussion, it was decided to make such addition, the race standing 5 to 3. The next proposed amendment to the constitution was the adding of a three-mile turning four-oared shell race to the list of events, which motion was lost by a tie vote. G. W. Parker of the Undine Club of Philadelphia did not vote. Two other amendments, respectively proposing that a similar race, without a turn, be added, and that the distance of the present four-oared shell race be changed from one-and-a-half to three miles, were both rejected, so that those who had hoped for the adoption of one or other of these sensible amendments, and consequent increased importance and attractiveness of the principal race on the regatta list, will have to wait a little longer for the fulfillment of their desires. An amendment to Article 19 of the regatta laws, proposed by R. L. Reade of the Nassau Club, and providing that the regatta committee shall have power to reject any entry, in their discretion, went over until the next meeting. The question of where to hold the next annual regatta then came up. Seneca Lake, Saratoga Lake, and the Passaic River, at Newark, N. J., were respectively named, and it was decided to hold it on the last-named water, provided a guarantee of not less than $500 can be given to the regatta committee by the second Saturday in June; the regatta to take place at such time in August next as may be fixed upon by said committee, which will be composed of three members, to be hereafter appointed by Chairman Parker. We neglected to mention above that at the opening of the meeting the resignation of L. H. Stevens of the Anacostan Club, as a member of the executive committee was accepted. J. H. C. Watts, Undine Club of Baltimore, being elected to serve during the unexpired term. The resignation of the Atalanta Club as members of the Association was accepted.

THE COLUMBIA'S PROPOSED EUROPEAN TRIP.

A cable dispatch from London, Eng., Jan. 10, says: "The Oxford University crew have decided to challenge the Columbia College four expected at Henley to row from Putney to Mortlake, for the college championship of the world. If the Columbia four defeat the Oxford crew, then the Cambridge University crew will row the Americans. Both Oxford and Cambridge have agreed to select from the eight-oared crews of the annual race and challenge the American college crew, independent of the race at Henley." We learn, however, that the proposition of the English universities to challenge the American crew is conditional upon the latter being able to establish a claim to the title of "champion four of the universities of America." Concerning the matter Capt. J. T. Goodwin has the following to say:

"Oxford and Cambridge must themselves decide whether they consider us worthy to be challenged. If we go to England, we shall simply represent Columbia College, win or lose, not America. If we lose, we are perfectly willing to shoulder the responsibility on Columbia College. At present it is impossible to say who are the champions. We have not been able to arrange a race with any American college crew this year, and no one can say that our race last year with Harvard was a fair one to judge by. The same men who would be chosen to go to England have rowed at Saratoga, and have beaten the best of our college crews. It has not as yet been decidedly settled whether we shall go to England, but if we are challenged I should favor an acceptance, and I think it would prove a consideration that would insure our going. It would cost us about $2,000. We shall start subscriptions next week, and shall ask only the graduates and undergraduates to subscribe."

Though Columbia cannot justly lay claim to the championship, I think there is little doubt that the college concludes to send a crew across the Atlantic, at least one of the English universities will be willing to give them a race.

COURTNEY AND TRICKETT.

Another week has elapsed without anything definite having been heard from Edward Trickett relative to the much-wished-for championship sculling match with Charles E. Courtney of Union Springs, N. Y. As our English letter of Dec. 20 contained nothing regarding the alleged authoritative communication from the Sydney, N. S. W., correspondent of *Bell's Life*, which led to the American public announcement of his acceptance of the Australian's terms, a dispatch was sent to the editor of the latter journal, asking if such letter had been received, or anything else bearing on the matter heard from Trickett, but up to the hour of going to press no answer had been received. *The Sportsman* has the following on the subject of the proposed match:

"On the assumption that Trickett will consent to row Courtney in America, some time must necessarily elapse before the match can take place, and it would be easier to send Trickett or Boyd, or the best man to be found in England, to America, than it would be for the same man to go to Australia. But we very much question whether Trickett will consent to row in America before Australia has attempted to dispossess him of his laurels on Australian waters."

Assuming the latter clause in the above paragraph, our opinion is that if Trickett can win here, as he is, doubtless, confident he can, he can see his way clear to make more money and gain more laurels by coming to England and going home by way of England than he can hope to do by waiting for someone to journey to Australia, as he would be obliged to consider a race with Hanlan here, and perhaps an equal number in England. As for sending the best man in England over here, no doubt both Courtney and Mr. Robinson would be pleased to give such a man a trial, either before or after the Australian's coming.

REGATTA BETWEEN STEAMERS' CREWS.—A rowing regatta, participated in by men composing the crews of boats belonging to British steamers lying in the harbor, took place at San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 31. The first race was for a pair of oars; entrance fee, $5. The course was from the steamer Bremen around the stakeboat, placed opposite Mission Rock, and back to the starting point. The following were the entries and judges and referees, and promised to make thought was the reason Capt. Sanborn, referee, and Hicken reached the morning of Jan. 9, and Joe Goss to attend the baby reception in the baked-bean district. am at the same time, his ix stone "prop," presented

CEMENTED.

cognizant of the changed of the once robust, active, ing, perhaps, to a surprise the improved Indian club inmate of the Asylum for Mr. Wm. Johnson was slightly t to him by Colonel Spenrisoner, but nevertheless ed his first victory over ken the prisoner to the that Morton said he could he man who shot him. e time of the shooting she of Hester street and the she never told the officer the shooting; she did not n McManus, a barkeeper in at he was near Geoghegan and that Geoghegan had trary, the latter pulled out shoot Geoghegan. Morton n then left the house, and ed them down one after ng on the ground, Mc. the fight over, Morton took the stand to testify of the fight was the same ination was closed for the Jammed accepted bonds in 82 East Twentieth street, d $10,000 for the production Court of General Sessions. mmation set in from the atient was delirious except rning of the 14th, when he

THE TRIGGER.

BROOKLYN SHOOTING CLUB.—The monthly shoot for the gold medal of this club took place at Dexter Park, Long Island, on Jan. 5, ten contesting, firing at as many birds each, 80 yards boundary, handicap rise. Result: E. Eddy (27 yards), 9; E. H. Madison (25), 9; G. F. Gildersleeve (27), and F. E. Broadway (21), 8; T. S. Blankley (21), 7; Wm. Wynne (25), C. Williams (27), Dr. Aten (25), and H. W. Woods (21), 6; J. Ellendorf (27), 5. A sweepstakes, $2 entry, three birds, 25 yards rise, 80 yards fall, followed, with a dozen entries—$12 to first, $8 to second, $4 to third. Williams, Rivers, Wynne, Black, Turkerson and Blankley killed all their birds, and in shooting off at one apiece the last-named missed, the others dividing the money. Another similar sweep was then shot by eight contestants—$9 to first, $5 to second, and $2 to third—same conditions. Gildersleeve, Wynne, Turkerson and Williams dropped all, and the money was divided between the three former. Williams missing in the shoot-off. Referee, Chas. Dexter.

NEW JERSEY RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the board of directors of this organization was held in this city Jan. 10, Vice-president W. H. De Hart occupying the chair. The articles of incorporation were reported by the executive committee and adopted as read. They will be presented to the Legislature by the law committee. Major Fulton reported that the range committee had examined a tract of land belonging to the Hatfield Company, underlying west of the Bergen tunnel, which was well adapted for the purposes of a rifle range, and, being unproductive, could be purchased for a merely nominal sum. The tract is 5,280 feet long, 3,000 feet across its widest and 480 feet in its narrowest part, thus giving ample room for a 1,200 yard range, and is accessible by two lines of horsecars and several lines of steam-cars. The report was accepted, and the meeting adjourned to meet again Jan. 17, at the rooms of the National Association, 23 Park row.

SOME GOOD SHOOTING was done on Steel's stock farm, Philadelphia, Jan. 5. First came a match between Frank Detwiler and Dan Gray, for $25 a side, eleven birds, 21yds. rise, 80yds. fall, which the former won, killing seven straight. This was followed by a sweepstake, nine entries, first miss out. H Greenwood, F. Detwiler, R. Helt, Wm. and Robt. A. Welch knocked over all on the first round; but in the next Greenwood, Helt and W. Welch were the only ones who killed. They increased the distance to 26 yards, when Welch and Helt stopped their birds; and, the distance being extended to 31 yards, Welch won.

A MATCH WITH RIFLES between teams of six men, composed respectively of attaches of the several banks in San Francisco, Cal., and commissioned and non-commissioned officers of Company C, First Infantry, was shot on Dec. 31. The distance was 200yds., each contestant being allowed twenty shots, and the scores were: *Bank Team*—Col. C. M. Gilmore, 85; J. W. Redden, 85; Col. S. C. Beaver, 82; H. H. Pitcher, 81; Sergt. Paul Scott, 77; B. Smith, 71; total, 481. *National*—J. W. Maher, 83; Sergt. C. P. Le Breton, 82; Corp. E. N. Shook, 80; E. Y. Sprowl, 79; Corp. F. C. Alton, 76; Sergt. J. C. Klein, 75; total, 475.

THE GOLD BADGE of the Fountain Gun Club was contended for by two dozen members at the Brooklyn Driving Park Jan. 9. Each man shot at seven birds, handicap rise, 80 yards tail, with the following result: C. D. Durfee (28 yards), 7; Miller (21), Cleaver (18), 6; Madison (30), De Frane (25), C. Williams (28), Slane (21), 5; Waters (25), Hempstead (25), Race (21), Walters (25), Williams (18), and J. White (25), 4; Henderson (25), O'Connor (25), V. White (18), and Hanson (21), 3. Referee, Mr. Walters, L. I. S. C.

N. R. A.—At the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, held Jan. 8, the following board of directors were elected: D. W. Judd, Col. John Ward, Major Henry Hilton, Lieut.-col. F. D. Sanford, John P. Waters, Col. John Bodine. The directors subsequently met and organized as officers: President, N. P. Stanton; vice president, Col. G. W. Wingate; secretary, George S. Schermerhorn; treasurer, Gen. D. D. Austin; executive committee, Col. Gildersleeve, Gen. Shaler and D. W. Judd.

THE CALIFORNIA SHOOTING CLUB held a meeting Jan. 1 at San Francisco, the following officers being elected: President, Philo Jacoby; vice-president, Charles Bonnefort; treasurer, H. Fortman Jr.; secretary, F. Hageman; first shooting-master, William Heber; second shooting master, D. C. Robifs.

AN ELECTION for officers of the Central Shooting Club of Lynn, Mass., held last week, resulted in the choice of the following: President, E. W. Webster; vice-president, John G. Haskell; secretary, Frank A. Newhall; treasurer, Simon T. Downs; directors, Joseph N. Hoyt, L. D. Millikin and Eutus E. Hilliard.

A RESUMPTION AND BALL in honor of their first president, Peyton S. Giles, was given by the Crescent Athletic Club Association at the Hoffman House, this city, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 8. Of course it was a brilliant affair, and attended by many prominent persons.

PEDESTRIANISM.

WALKING TWENTY-ONE MILES.—At the Greenhills Gardens, Norwich, Eng., on Dec. 26, William Howes again essayed to walk 21 miles for the best man to be found in England, to America, than it would be for the same man to go to Australia. But we very much question whether Trickett will consent to row in America before Australia has attempted to dispossess him of his laurels on Australian waters."

Assuming the latter clause in the above paragraph, our opinion is that if Trickett can win here, as he is, doubtless, confident he can, he can see his way clear to make more money and gain more laurels by coming to England and going home by way of England than he can hope to do by waiting for someone to journey to Australia, as he would be obliged to consider a race with Hanlan here, and perhaps an equal number in England. As for sending the best man in England over here, no doubt both Courtney and Mr. Robinson would be pleased to give such a man a trial, either before or after the Australian's coming.

W. H. SMYTHE, "the American postman," commenced on Dec. 25, at the Skaitmer Rink, Rotunda Gardens, Dublin, Ireland, the task of walking 2,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours. The track measured a ninth of a mile, and Smythe is to complete one mile in each hour, but can do two or three miles per hour if he chooses. In the first twenty-four hours he walked fifty-two miles. V. J. S. Dunbar and J. Thompson are the judges and timekeepers, assisted by a committee from the I. C. A. C.

A ONE-HUNDRED-YARDS SPIN for £50 a side, between Thomas Cartwright and Jacob Sutton, the latter receiving a start of one yard, was decided at the Alexandra Running Grounds, Bloxwich, Eng., Dec. 24. The men being popular with the "black country" sports, and the match being regarded as genuine, some two thousand persons passed through the gates. Cartwright forged ahead and breasted the tape with an advantage of six feet. No time given.

A two-mile handicap swimming match, for $100 a side, decided at the Albert Running Grounds, Northampton, Eng., Dec. 27, the principals therein being Benjamin Cross, Samuel Pick and Charles Keeble. The latter retired after having covered seven miles less one lap (five to each mile), and Cross, who led almost from the start, won by 130yds., walking in the two hours 14 miles and 130 yards. R. Watson, referee.

A FIFTY-MILE MATCH, for £50 and the championship of Hants and Wilts, was walked by T. Green and W. Awcock, at Salisbury, Eng., Dec. 27. Green led from the tenth mile to the finish, winning in 8h. 30m. 24s. Awcock gave out after going 44 miles 7 laps. Judges, F. Read Roe and J. Finch.

GEORGE HAZAEL attempted to run twenty miles in two hours, for a supposed stake of £50, at the St. Helena Gardens, Rotherhithe, Eng., Dec. 26, but after going 77 out of the 117 laps and 10yds. necessary to complete the journey he suddenly stopped.

MISS BERTHA VON HILLERN will attempt to walk 89 miles in 26 hours without sleep at Oddiellow's Hall, Washington, D. C., starting at 8 o'clock Friday evening, Jan. 18.

PICKING UP POTATORS.—A potato-gathering match came off at Plano, Ill., on Christmas-day, for $10, between L. H. Whitney and Horace Williams, 125 potatoes being placed one foot apart, over-land, for 10 rods. Time: Whitney won; time, 25m. 15s; Williams' time, 26m. 18s. Another contest took place Jan. 11 at Dixon Hall, same place, for $50 a side, Whitney and Williams the men. Each of two men to start at a time. There were 7 entries, and the result was: Dan Holms, 9m. 47s.; Louis Holms, 10m.; W. Ball, 10m. 3s.; Geo. Ball, 10m. 30s.; Geo. Coiburn, 10m. 39s.; W. Minor, 10m. 30s.; Fred Coiburn, 10m. 38s.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers
Reserved Seats (Orchestra, Circle and Balcony), 50c.
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK
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OF MR.
DION BOUCICAULT
DION BOUCICAULT
and the
SHAUGHRAUN.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
MONDAY, JAN. 21,
COLVILLE'S FULLY COMPANY IN
THE BABES IN THE WOOD.
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HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
After elaborate preparation, Mr. Whitney Campbell's successful comedy, in five acts, written for
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RISKS,
Or
INSURE YOUR LIFE.
PENNINGTON PEMBROKE,
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Other characters by Misses Minnie Palmer, Lillie Eldridge, Sydney Cowell, Agnes Elliott, Florence Noble, Marion Taylor, Etta Lewis, and Messrs. W. J. Le Moyne, W. H. Bailey, J. G. Saville, Lewis Baker, Walter C. Kelly, and C. T. Parker.
Box-office open from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. 43-1t

BROADWAY THEATRE.
POSITIVELY LAST SIX NIGHTS
of the engagement of
MR. CHARLES FECHTER,
who will positively appear on Monday evening (having entirely recovered from his recent severe illness) in his successful dramatization of Dickens'
NO THOROUGHFARE.
Saturday night, last appearance of MR. FECHTER, and only time (by request) of MONTE CRISTO.
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FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
Broadway and Twenty-eighth street.
EVERY NIGHT at 8; MATINEE SATURDAY at 2.
BALCONY RESERVED SEATS, $1.
Last Twelve Nights of
MADAME MODJESKA,
who will appear, for the first time here, as
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"Modjeska has recreated Camille."—ALTA. 43-1t

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MR. GEO. S. GARDNER.....Manager
Third week and great success of Mr. John Brougham and Paul Feval's spectacular melodrama
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The entire press and eighty thousand people endorse this as the greatest success of the season.
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After weeks of careful preparation, EDWARD HARRIGAN'S new and original Domestic Local Drama, entitled
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Jeremiah McCarthy.....Mr. Edward Harrigan
Caroline Long (afterwards Hyer).....Mr. Tony Hart
and the following artists: Mrs. Annie Yeamans, Welch Edwards, Joseph Wilkes, J. F. Crossin, H. Fisher, J. W. Somers, Ed. Burt, C. Sturres, G. W. H. Griffin, M. Bradley, M. J. Fielding, Billy Gray, Johnny Reed, Mrs. R. Allen, the Misses Annie Mack, Nellie Jones, Annie Yeamans, and Ida Raymond.
New music by Dave Braham, new scenery by R. L. Weed, new mechanical effects by Jas. Gifford, new properties by G. Burston, calcium-lights by R. Doyle.
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COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE.
corner of West Twenty-fifth st. and Greenwich ave., N. Y. City.
Evening at 8, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday matinees. Week commencing Monday, Dec. 24, a new spectacular play entitled CHARMS OF LOVE. In active preparation, a sensational play in three acts, entitled MUM. Burlesque artists wanted. Must be first-class. Apply by letter or personally to Mr. JAKE BOYD, as above. New pieces and other novelties produced in rapid succession. 42-4t

SKATING AND CURLING.

A Short Season of Sport.

The cold snap of Jan. 6, 7, which gave promise of Winter sport in skating and ice-boating, came to a sudden termination on the 9th, when rain set in. Since then the temperature has been above freezing point, and the skate market has consequently been in a decidedly depressed condition, while skating park and rink stocks have declined to a point far below par, the chances now looking very unfavorable for much sport on the ice this season. While the cold weather lasted the skating fraternity enjoyed the fine ice, especially at Prospect Park, where everything was done to make the sport enjoyable. Not so, however, at Central Park, where the ice was not kept in good condition, nor was there adequate convenience or comfort for the visitors, the park officials disregarding the wishes of the public in this respect in a reprehensible manner. The Empire Rink was opened for two days, but the programme laid out for the expected week or two's sport was necessarily postponed to an indefinite period.

At the Capitoline Lake, Brooklyn, both skating and ice-boating were enjoyed up to Wednesday afternoon, and at Prospect Park a baseball match on skates was commenced on the large lake on the same afternoon, sides being chosen by Barnie and York. Two innings were played, with the result of a score of 3 to 2 in favor of Barnie's side, when rain put a stop to the game. Since then the only form of skating that has been at command has been that of roller-skating, which Brooklyn monopolizes in her well-ordered Rink on Clermont avenue.

On Friday, Jan. 11, a match for THE CLIPPER game of football on skates was played at the Rink between sides representing the Rink and the Capitoline, the former winning by one touch-down to two, after a closely-contested match of best three in five touch-downs. On Saturday afternoon the Capitoline boys revenged themselves by defeating the Rink nine in three straight games.

On Thursday, the 16th, a special entertainment will be given at the Rink under the supervision of Profs. Kynock and Smith, the feature of which will be the first of a series of amateur contests on skating the Congress skating programme on the rollers. The prize will be a gold medal, to be given the skater scoring the largest aggregate of points at the end of February. The same day a grand football match will take place at the Rink on skates, the first of a series between sides chosen by Messrs. Kynock and Smith, for which a prize is to be offered.

The grand curling match, North vs. South, appointed to take place at Central Park on Jan. 10 had to be postponed on account of the thaw which set in on the 9th. It will take place on the first day that the ice at the park is in condition.

The performance of expert lady-skaters will learn with regret that Mrs. Frank Johnson, the graceful and finished lady roller-skater, lies dangerously ill at her residence in this city. She caught a severe cold in the cold air of the ice-skating-rinks, and it went to her lungs, it is feared with probably fatal results.

CHALLENGE TO ALL WRESTLERS.

In the subjoined sweeping challenge Prof. Miller invites the exponents of the various styles of wrestling to come to the front, and in a match or matches, for money, contend with him for superiority either in pure and unadefiled Graco-Roman or in mixed fashion:

NEW YORK, Jan. 14, 1878.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I beg to deposit in your hands fifty dollars as a forfeit to wrestle Major McLaughlin of Detroit, Mr. Owens of Vermont, or any other wrestler in the world for $500 or $1,000 a side—one fall Graco-Roman, one fall collar-and-elbow, one fall Graco-Roman rules with the use of the legs, tripping allowed, which is collar-and-elbow and Graco-Roman wrestling mixed; the winner of two falls in three to be declared the victor. If any wrestler means business, he will please cover this forfeit at once. I challenge anyone to wrestle me Greco-Roman rules for one hundred dollars a side and upwards, best two in three falls. If Mons. Bonnel Le Bouf, who some of the sporting papers say has been brought over from Europe by subscription to wrestle anyone, was a champion, I'll take his time. I was at THE CLIPPER office on Friday last, at 11 A. M., by appointment of one of M. Le Bouf's backers, but he failed to put in an appearance. If M. Le Bouf has come to America to wrestle for money, I will make a bona-fide match with him for $1,000 a side; the contest to take place within six weeks from date. I also challenge any wrestler to wrestle catch as catch can above the waist, Graco-Roman rules, with use of the legs, for $500 a side or more. I will cover all forfeits put up by others in THE CLIPPER, but will pay no attention to advertising subterfuges. Yours respectfully, PROF. WILLIAM MILLER, Champion Wrestler of America.

DOG AND CHICKEN DISPUTES.—A canine contest between a 24-pound dog belonging to Phil Connell and Pete Forrester's bitch, came off at the Smugglers' Inn, Ridgeway, Canada, a few days ago. It lasted one hour and twenty minutes, the slut refusing to come on the third turn, which disappointed the majority. The stakes were $50 a side. After this Dean Wilson and Dan McDade of Buffalo fought D. Mahoney of Rochester four chicken matches, for $50 a battle, Mahoney winning three out of four. The second bird pitted by Wilson, a Delaney gray, ran away after having his bird cut to a standstill.

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WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.
THOS. THEALL & J. E. CARTON.....MANAGERS
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ROBERT HELLER. MISS HELLER.
Prestidigitation, Second Sight, Miracles, etc. Evening at 8. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday. 39-tf

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OPERA-HOUSE, BROADWAY AND 29TH STREET.
THE FAMILY RESORT.
RECEIVED WITH ROARS OF LAUGHTER,
FIRST WEEK OF THE GREAT UNCRUSHED,
BACKUS AS THE GREAT UNCRUSHED GEORGE THATCHER'S ALBUM, BILLY BIRCH and BOB HART'S Tough Night. WAMBOLD sings "Birdie Has Gone With the Angels." Johnson and Powers as Uncle Abe and Sister Ruth. French, Ricardo, Prillman, Raymond and Wilmot. Seats secured. Matinee Saturday at 2. 43-1t*

TO MANAGERS.
I have a fine Brass Band and Orchestra, which will be at liberty May 1 for
CIRCUS, DRAMATIC, OR VARIETY BUSINESS.
Have been four seasons with
BAUER ROBBINS' CIRCUS;
the two past seasons and present season with
GOLDEN DRAMATIC TROUPE.
Address L. J. GIBLER,
43-2t* Mattoon, Illinois.

THEATRE COMIQUE,
FRONT STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
A. SHOWERS & CO., Managers and Proprietors; Harry Brown, Stage-manager and Advertiser; Frank Holden, Leader of Orchestra; Jno. Ryan, Leader of Brass Band. The greatest success ever known. Houses crowded to the doors nightly. Always an opening for Ladies with good specialties and good, reliable people. Those not receiving an answer will please consider silence a negative, but write again. No wine rooms. 43-1t*

ELISE SIMPSON
OF SIMPSON SISTERS.
You can hear of something to your interest by writing as you promised. What more have you made in the matter? Write at once.
W. J. SIMPSON, 37 Morgan street,
43-1t* Allegheny City, Pa.

WANTED—SECOND-HAND HOT-AIR BALLOONS. Must be cheap. Would like to hear from Oscar Hunt. A. W. HAGER, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 43-1t*

TRIPLE'S VARIETIES THEATRE.—TO LET OR LEASE, the valuable property known as Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg Pa. Also the Livery and Sale Stables in which the City Cow Market is held. The theatre is now being repainted, and could be opened by January 7. Possession given immediately. Proposals will be received for the lease of one or both.
Apply to MRS. E. BARKER,
43-3t* No 1 Pike street, Pittsburg.

MR. FRANK ALLEN, CHARACTER Actor and Musician, and MRS. JENNIE ALLEN, Soubrettes, are at liberty. Address Box 165, Pulaski, Oswego County, N. Y. 43-1t*

MR. NICHOLS,
with son, wishes an engagement for coming season as Trick Rider, Carrying Boy, and Character Acts. Will take charge of ring if desired. Post-office Box 363, North Adams, Mass.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN taught Trapeze, Rings, Somersaults, Acrobatic and Artistic Song-and-dance, Serio-comic and Sentimental Singing. Strictly private. RILEY'S, 2 Bond st., 3d fl. 43-1t

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The entire stage refitted with scenery second to none in the State. First-class Troupes accepted on sharing terms.
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WANTED TO PURCHASE—PANORAMA, good order, 30 or 50 scenes, still religious subject preferred. Address, with particulars and programme,
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TWENTY-FOURTH WEEK
of present season.
112TH—TIME—112TH
and "Grand Pas," the
"HEART AND CROWN"
All dates filled to March 2.
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NOTICE. MR. GIBSON
(of Gibson and Binney), please let me hear from you at once.
FRED BOISE,
115 Crosby street, New York.

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF
R. C. BENT,
CORNET-SOLOIST OF GILMORE'S BAND,
now on a tour of America.
THE TROY WHIG says: "R. C. Bent is the most brilliant cornetist that ever played in this city." 43-1t*

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For theatrical purposes, balls, concerts, etc., by the night or longer. Apply on premises from 12 to 4 P. M. 43-1t*

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desiring to travel, and make a sure fortune in one year, can be taught the great money-making ART OF SECOND SIGHT AND SUPERNATURAL VISION PERFECTLY, IN ONE LESSON, by a retired Professor. Apply at
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WANTED—A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY, for National Theatre, 728 and 730 Broadway, N. Y., to open on or about Jan. 28.
Apply by letter only to
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N. B.—Would be pleased to transact business for a few good specialty artists,
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Burlesques, Lectures, etc., written to order.
Apply to WM. R. WATTS,
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VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.
Stars and Combinations visiting the Pacific Coast will find it to their advantage to visit this city; house holds $1,200. Terms, share or certainty.
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ROBERT DAVISON,
LIGHTNING PROGRAMME AGENT.
No bills thrown on dead walls or wooden bridges. I am strictly temperate. No snap companies wanted. I have a good route for a small show. Salary moderate. Address ROBERT DAVISON, 37 Ann street, New York.

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PROPRIETORS.—Wanted—A PHRENOLOGICAL PRIVILEGE. Business strictly legitimate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address PROF. W. KENYON, N. Y. Museum, Chatham square, N. Y. City. 43-1t*

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233 AND 237 BOWERY,
OPPOSITE PRINCE STREET.
THEATRE OPEN
ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
Artists wishing one or two weeks, please address as above. ARTISTS OF ABILITY AND REPUTATION WILL DO WELL TO APPLY AT ONCE FOR DATES. 32-tf

HARRY MINER'S
AMERICAN,
443 AND 445 THIRD AVENUE,
BETWEEN THIRTIETH AND THIRTY-FIRST STREETS.
OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
Artists wishing two, four, six or eight weeks, please address as above. 33-tf

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LONDON MUSIC HALL OF AMERICA
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STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS VARIETY TALENT
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none others accepted after the first night. Business must be sent in one week in advance. Address
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A SUCCESS UNPARALLELED
IN THE
ANNALS
OF THE
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MARIE D'EST'S
PARISIAN BLONDES
AND
LIVING ART PICTURES,
PRONOUNCED BY CONNOISSEURS TO BE THE FINEST MODELS EVER PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC.
MLLE. FRANCOUNI ROUSSELLE'S
RED-STOCKING MINSTRELS.
THE GREAT AND ONLY GRECO-ROMAN FEMALE WRESTLERS.
ALYEO AND ETRA.
AN ENTERTAINMENT ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL IN CHARACTER.
WE HAVE PLENTY OF IMITATORS, BUT NO COMPETITORS.
22 WEEKS THROUGH THE SOUTH AND WEST PLAYING TO A CONTINUOUS OVATION OF
CROWDED HOUSES NIGHTLY,
AND IN MANY INSTANCES HAVE CLOSED A DATE FOR THE SEASON OF 1878-79.
WE PAY OUR LADIES REGULARLY EVERY TUESDAY; BY SO DOING AVOID LAWSUITS, ARE NOT COMPELLED TO CONSTANTLY CHANGE OUR PERSONNEL, ALWAYS CARRY OUT OUR WATCHES IN OUR POCKETS.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PITTSBURG,
ENGAGED FOR TWO WEEKS, COMMENCING JAN. 1.
RE-ENGAGED FOR TWO WEEKS LONGER AFTER THE SECOND NIGHT.
Standing-room only has been placed in front of the house nightly. Make no mistake. This is the first and only troupe of
BLONDES EVER ORGANIZED
and placed on the
LEGITIMATE AND SOLID BASIS.
SPECIAL.
In answer to the very many managers who have written for dates, and received no reply, we respectfully say that we have
NO TIME OPEN
this season, but will shortly publish
OPEN DATES FOR NEXT SEASON.
FOUR T'S.
This tells the tale.
MARIE D'EST'S BLONDES AND RED-STOCKING MINSTRELS
are the strongest and best attraction ever played by me. The entertainment given by them is
NEW AND ORIGINAL,
and they have done by far the largest business ever known at the Academy. I have re-engaged them for
TWO WEEKS LONGER,
and would play them for the
THE BALANCE OF THE SEASON
if their time was not filled.
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SEVENTEENTH WEEK
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WELCH AND RICE
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WITH
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Something new and original, neat and artistic, is the general verdict of both press and public wherever they appear.
SWEETHEARTS, DIEGO FAMILY,
ON THE LEVEE,
and other sketches, too numerous to mention.
ALL COPYRIGHTED. 43-1t*

OLDEST ESTABLISHED
MANUFACTORIES OF MAG

THE FREE TICKET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY EMAC CROOK.

A pious man was Jonathan Snow,
The man who never had been to a show;
A Christian man, who said his prayers,
And sowed his seed where sinful tares
Could choke it not. Sedate and calm,
He loved good cider, a sermon, or psalm,
And lived a life that was free from blame,
As pure and spotless as his name.

Now, of all the things that Jonathan did—
And never under a bushel he hid
The candle of virtue that burned in his breast—
Or all good things, I repeat, the best,
According to Jonathan's notion, was,
That he never had been to a show. "Because,"
As he frequently said, "a show is a place
Where the Devil himself is put to disgrace!"

It happened that once a circus came
To the village where Jonathan dwelt, and the same
Was known as the Mighty Miraculous
Egyptian Menagerie and Circus;
And wonderful were the things, I ween,
Which on the flaring bills were seen;
Lions and tigers and monsters immense—
And the price of admission was fifty cents.

On the very day that the show arrived,
And the boys about the canvas hived,
Jonathan Snow in the grocery store
Discoursed as he never discoursed before
On the sinfulness of circus-es,
Which are run by Satan, he said, to please
The wicked of earth, and lead them in
To the ways of darkness, death and sin.

"For it stands to reason," said Jonathan Snow,
"That them as finds delight in a show
Must be of a low and vulgar kind,
Without any part in their mind.
But full of the sins of the flesh; and, for me,
I would sooner jump into the bottomless sea
Than go to this Mighty Miraculous
Egyptian Menagerie and Circus!"

While Jonathan thus was moved to deplore,
It chanced that a stranger came into the store—
A quiet, respectable chap, and he
Belonged to the M. E. M. and C.
He heard what Jonathan had to say,
Then smiled in a sort of peculiar way.
And, drawing nearer, he said to Snow:
"My friend, here's a ticket to go to the show!"

In mute amazement Jonathan scanned
The card which the showman had put in his hand;
Then he laid it away in his pocket with care,
And, glancing around with a pious air,
He remarked, as he sauntered out of the store:
"I never attended a circus afore,
But I reckon that now I'll have to go,
As I've got a free ticket, to this here show!"

SHEPHERDS ALL, AND MAIDENS FAIR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF "WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME" ("BOSTON TOM, OR THE STORY OF A CONVICT").

CHAPTER VII.—ASSAULT AND BATTERY.

In the billiard-room of the Royal Leinster Arms there sat on the American-cloth-covered bench or divan running along one side of the room a stranger. He was a tall, strong-looking young fellow, with something of a foreign look about him. He was neither smoking nor drinking—which was in itself unusual—nor did he converse with any of the men who were playing. He sat perfectly still, apparently watching the progress of the game; and when invited to play he declined.

All the players who met there night after night knew each other, mostly by nicknames, and the presence of a man who knew no one and refused to drink, play, or smoke, was a gene. They were mostly quite young men, of under five-and-twenty, though the countenances of some displayed premature dissipation in the direction that they had pipes in their mouths, and all were drinking. Their conversation was not governed by the restraints usual in society, and they were probably, as might be guessed by the topics on which they exchanged ideas, profound philosophers. At eight, or thereabouts, a light-haired man, rather older than the rest, wearing glasses, entered the room. He was greeted with a boisterous shout.

"Kugel!" At the name the stranger lifted his eyes and looked curiously at the newcomer.

"Kugel, at last. Where is young Langton?"

"I thought some of you fellows could tell me."

"Well, he is always with you; and you took him away last night. Presume he was, too."

"No; he left before me," said Kugel.

"Why, I walked downstairs with you both," persisted the first speaker.

"My dear fellow, how could that be, when I tell you that Langton left half an hour before me?"

"I suppose I was drunk too, then," the other laughed. "Because I've got a firm recollection of helping Langton to one side while you helped him up on the other."

"What the deuce does it matter," cried a third, "who went out first? I daresay Langton will turn up some time."

The stranger, who was John Ashton, spoke.

"Are you, sir," he addressed the young fellow who said he had seen Langton and Kugel go out together, "certain of what you say?"

"Well, I don't know what concern it is of yours," he replied. "We are all friends here, and we don't know you."

"It concerns you all," said John, "in this way. Langton was here last night with a bag of money in his coat-pocket, belonging to his employers, Messrs. Ferris & Halkett. He did not appear at the office this morning; he has not been home at his lodgings; he has not been heard of anywhere. It is therefore interesting for all of you, because you may be asked questions, to find out with whom William Langton left this room."

They looked at each other in silence. The situation was grave.

Then the one who had first spoken said, in quite a different tone:

"Kugel, you did leave the room with him—I remember it perfectly. Does no other fellow remember anything about it?"

No one did; but two or three seemed to think that they remembered in some vague way. Perhaps every man was anxious to shift a possible scrape off his own shoulders.

"And who are you, sir?" asked Kugel, "coming here to poke your nose into other people's affairs—a Yankee detective?"

No Canadian likes to be called a Yankee any more than the latter likes to be taken for a Canuk. It is a wholesome antipathy, which helps to preserve the integrity of the empire. But John preserved his temper.

"I am here on behalf of the boy's nearest relative. I am going to look for that boy. If any of you are his friends, as you pretend to be, you will help me."

They looked at each other.

"Look here," said one of them; "if Langton has bolted with the money, or if Kugel has helped him off, and we get called upon to give evidence, it won't do any of us much good to have to state in a witness-box what we know about their goings on, and where we spend our evenings."

There was a general murmur of assent, and a movement towards the hats.

"Kugel," said the one who helped Langton downstairs, "you may fight your own battles. You did go off with him: and I saw you turn the corner into Holborn with him. And that, if I must swear to it, I will. But as for the rest, I know nothing; and I'm not going to get the sack, if I can help it, from my religious firm by confessing to music-halls and billiard-rooms and all the rest of it."

They laid down their cues, seized their hats and dispersed multitudes. Kugel was about to follow, but John laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Not so fast," he said. "You and I must have a word or two before we part. What have you done with the boy?"

"I have done nothing with the boy. I know nothing about him, or his money either."

"Good! Are you going home?"

"Yes, I am."

"I will go with you."

Kugel looked at this stranger. He was taller than himself, broader in the shoulders, and stronger. Nothing was clearer to the German's mind than that, in case of a row, he would come off second best. Without a word he turned and walked down the stairs.

In the street he looked round. The Canadian was with him.

Side by side the two walked in silence along Holborn.

This was at nine o'clock.

At ten o'clock they were still walking side by side, neither speaking to the other. It was the German who spoke first.

"I hope you are not getting tired."

"Thank you," said John, with equal politeness; "I am not at all tired. I like walking in this cool night air."

"The rain, too"—it had begun to rain a little—"that refreshes, does it not?"

"It does," John replied, "especially when you have no overcoat."

There he scored, because his companion had none, while he was himself provided with that useful article.

At eleven they were walking still, but faster, as if they were getting impatient and wanted to be at home.

They were in the neighborhood of Soho. Suddenly the German stopped at a door. "You live here, then?" asked John.

Kugel rang the bell without answering; on its being opened he stepped in quickly, followed by John. They went upstairs, and John found himself in a room at the back, where sat two men engaged over some papers; they huddled them up, and one of them crammed them hastily into his pocket.

"It's Kugel," he said, with surprise. "What's the meaning of this, Kugel? And who have you brought here?"

"I don't know," said the German; "it's a man who follows me about and wants to find out where I live."

The two looked at each other; evidently something was wrong.

"He has," John explained, "kidnapped a boy who had three hundred pounds upon him."

The pair—they were both young men with preternaturally keen faces—turned to their friend for further explanation.

"It's a lie," said Kugel; "I know nothing about the boy."

"Then take me to your lodgings," John went on. "If you know nothing about him, why do you try to hide your address? Now, gentlemen," he said, "I don't know who you are, nor what your trade is; if you like to shelter this fellow, say so, and I'll raise mischief—for I'm bound to find out where he lives. If it comes to fighting, wildcats is the word."

Now the pair upon whom John had lighted were by no means warlike; also, there were many private reasons why they did not wish to be mixed up in any affair that might bring publicity; it is always unpleasant, for example, to be asked to explain how one has been employed for the last few years. They were, in fact, betting-men by profession, and to this they added such schemes of plunder as imagination, stimulated by intense love of ease and luxury, might suggest. At present they were concocting a method of preying on the credulous, which they afterwards matured, and by which they subsequently achieved fame. In fact, their greatness has been recently published in every paper, was made the topic of leading articles by the ablest editors, and is now rewarded by a term of years in Portland.

"Well, Kugel," said one of them, after a pause, "you see, it isn't our plant. Kidnapping boys with money about them is a deuced awkward job. Perhaps," he looked at John furtively, "perhaps the gentleman would square the job—for a percentage?"

"Then I stay," said Kugel sitting down.

"Wildcats," replied John meaningly.

Here the two whispered together and, one pronounced the verdict.

"We are not going to be mixed up in it, Kugel. That's positive. And, though we're sorry for you, we can't help ourselves. You must go."

"I stay here," repeated Kugel. He was already half dead with fatigue, and wet through with rain.

"Come, Kugel, we can't keep you—we can't and we won't. There."

"This is being pals," said Kugel.

"Well, as for the matter of that, we're not pals. If you had come to us by yourself something might have been done. As it's your own job—come, get out."

He saw that there was no longer any chance, and reluctantly went down the stairs, John with him.

When their visitors departed, the two gentlemen of the turf sat down again to resume their calculations.

It was raining faster and the streets were quite deserted.

"Now," said John, "I am getting tired of this; will you take me home with you?"

"No."

"Then what I shall do is this: I shall wait till we pass a policeman, and as soon as he is well in sight, I shall commit an assault upon you. Then he will take us in charge; I can say who I am and where I live—and you must."

It was a notable device, and gratified at once the Canadian's desire to horsewhip the fellow, and to find out, as well, where he lived. Because by this time he was certain that the misery of walking about all night was a less evil to the man than the fear of letting anyone know the secret of his lodgings.

"You see this cane," he went on in a friendly way. "It's lighter than it looks, and pretty flexible. It is a kind of cane which, laid across the shoulders, is calculated to curl round and bite into fleshy places in the arm. I should say you would find this cane hurt a good bit."

Kugel made no answer.

In a quarter of an hour or so after this speech a policeman appeared, slowly walking down the street.

"Better take me home," said John.

"No," replied the German.

"Then," said John, "if you will, have it." He lifted his arm and brought down the cane upon Kugel's shoulders with such strength as he was wont to put into the handle of his axe. As he anticipated, the cane curled round and caught the unlucky clerk in the fleshy part of his arm. Kugel yelled with pain. The policeman stopped and turned on his lantern. John repeated the stroke. The policeman was startled. Here was quite an unexpected affair. An assault by one quiet-looking man walking with another, apparently unprovoked, and under his very eyes!

"I give him in charge," cried the clerk; "I give him in charge for an assault. You saw him do it."

"Yes," replied the custodian of order; "I certainly saw him do it. What did you do it for?" he asked. "Come, better go home quiet, both of you. Past twelve o'clock, too, and a rainy night."

"Take him in charge," shrieked Kugel, stamping his foot with rage and pain.

The policeman hesitated.

"I surrender," said the Canadian. "Let us go to the police-office."

At the police-office a very unexpected thing happened. John thought that all he had to do was to give his name and address and come away. But he forgot one important point, that unknown persons charged with breaches of the peace are not, as a rule, allowed to walk away after the formality of writing down their names. And when John had seen his name entered, and proposed to walk away with an engagement for the next morning, he was disagreeably surprised at being informed that he had to pass the night in the lock-up.

This annoyance was aggravated by the delight of Mr. Kugel.

"You have taken his name and address too?" asked John.

That had been done; only when, next morning, John proceeded to hunt up the address given, which was at Hampstead, he found to his disgust that the astute Kugel had set down a street which did not exist.

"This," thought John, as he sat down on the stone bench in the lock-up, "this is a satisfactory termination to the evening. I am afraid I have made a mess of it; but I have not done yet."

He refrained from any mention of his reason for assaulting Kugel to the police-sergeant, because it might do harm to young Langton. Besides, as he reflected, he had only to get his address in the morning. Simple young Canadian! But the backwoods are not a congenial field for the study of human artfulness.

Passing the night in a lock-up, not alone, but in the company of other unfortunates, is not, as may be imagined, altogether without drawbacks. There were three companions in misfortune occupying the same cell with John. One of these was perfectly and completely drunk. He lay on his side, breathing heavily and quite unconscious. Another was a boy, who was asleep when John joined the company, but woke up to ask him, eagerly, what he was "run in" for. Hearing that it was an assault, he made remarks on some people's luck.

"You're a gen'leman, you are," he added, as if that fact made things look any blacker for himself. "You'll be had up, an' the beak, he'll say as this is a serious case, an' you'll be fined five quid or a fortnight. An' you'll pay the money and off you goes. What do they do with all the fines they beaks? Has blows out, yah! An' then my turn 'll come. 'What's he bin an' done?' says the beak. 'I knows that boy's face.' 'Prigg'n' at theayter-door,' says the beak; 'a profesh pickpocket, this boy is.' That's how they goes on—swears to it all, bless yer, as if it was gawspel truth. Then the beak, he'll say: 'Five years in a reformatory, yar!' It's just sickenin'—that's what it is."

Then he rolled round, and was off to sleep again in a minute.

There was another man; John couldn't see him, but he heard him from time to time groan as if in pain.

"What is it?" he asked. "Are you ill?"

"It is misery—ruin—prison and disgrace," he groaned. And then, finding that there was a man who would listen to him, the wretched creature, who had been arrested that evening, poured forth the whole story of his crime and its detection.

A great weight fell upon the soul of John Ashton. The misery of the man became typical to him. He had seen the fast city clerk at his worst—in the billiard-room, and he had seen him at his worst—talking with his like. Now he was with him at the end of his course, in a police-cell. It seemed to him as if all were like this youth—low and coarse in every thought, cunning and unscrupulous in every action. The moral was the same with this poor detected swindler as with the fellow-clerk, William Langton. Betting, billiards, drink and the love of "pleasure." He shrank into his corner and wished himself back in Canada—provided Lettice was with him.

In the morning, when his case was called, no prosecutor appeared, and he was allowed to go away.

As for Kugel, he went home rejoicing. To be sure he had been cowhided—the marks of that walking-cane were still upon his shoulders, and the pain of those cuts still burning on his arms. But his enemy was defeated; he had kept the secret of his rooms; and he went home at one o'clock in the morning gayly.

The Frenchman, who was sitting up, heard him return, and instantly prepared to take up his old position at the keyhole. The boy, who had not been out all day, was sound asleep. Through the keyhole the aspirant for dramatic success observed the villain of the piece turn the clothes down and look at the boy's face.

"Will he murder him to-night?" he thought.

"No; not that night, for he replaced the sheet and proceeded rapidly to undress. Then he got out his bottle of spirits, took a longish pull from the mouth of the bottle, and got into bed.

The Frenchman was disgusted. To-morrow, clearly, some fresh steps must be taken.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

"You have not found him, then?" cried Lettice in despair.

"No."

John narrated his ill-success, and the easy way in which he had been duped.

"Patience," he repeated, ending his narrative. "I am going to the office again. Perhaps something has turned up there."

"Patience." It was all he could say.

Mr. Halkett was engaged when he called at the office. Would he wait?

John sat down. It was the outside room, a sort of great entrance-hall, of the warehouse. There was a large counter, on which stood the smaller boxes waiting to be entered or examined before being sent away. Clerks were at work among them. Presently, John, getting tired of watching this part of the business, began to walk about the place. A swing-door with glass windows led into an inner room, where were fifty or sixty clerks all writing. John tried to work out a little sum in arithmetic, which occurred to him at the moment. The number of the clerks, the thousands of clerks employed; all the clerks writing, writing without cessation; how much could one man write in a day? And, if all these men were always writing, where were the men who are always reading? And what was done with the books which were perpetually filled? And, as the generations run on, and England's prosperity continued, what lots of books! And could not an arrangement be made between the Canadian and the British Legislatures to bridge over the Atlantic by means of the old office—books? Two thousand five hundred miles across—well, the ocean being three miles deep, to find the number of books necessary to make a roadway broad enough for a railway train. It would take a good many, but not more, he began to think, than might be provided by a single generation of of a million clerks, working for say thirty years, six hours a day. He would have pursued this interesting research, but, on looking through the glass doors, he was thunderstruck to see, among the clerks in the inner room, writing with the rest, his friend Mr. Kugel, the hero of last night's adventures.

Of course he might have guessed as much. Where else would young Langdon make friends so readily as in his own office?

This time he resolved on telling Mr. Halkett all he suspected. At all costs it must be ascertained where the boy was gone to, even if it should lead to his arrest on a charge of embezzlement; but that, John thought, could be averted.

Meantime Mr. Halkett was keeping him waiting a long time.

He could not help staring through the window at his companion of last night. Yes—there could be no doubt—a man with fair hair and spectacles, about the middle height. Kugel sat with his side-face only in view. He was industriously writing letters in German, with little suspicion that his enemy was only a dozen steps from him, and that the moment of detection had actually arrived.

For upstairs, with Mr. Halkett, was the French journalist. His knowledge of English was limited, but not so limited as Mr. Halkett's knowledge of French. And it was by gesture, by dramatic action, as well as by language, that he conveyed his information to the English merchant.

When he quite understood what had happened, Mr. Halkett rang his bell and sent for a policeman. The messenger despatched, he was ready to receive Mr. Ashton.

"You, Monsoo," he said to the Frenchman, "will have the goodness to sit down by me and say nothing—nothing at all for the present."

Monsoo complied. He understood that another act of the drama, probably containing the grandest tableau of all, was about to commence.

"Now, Mr. Ashton," said the partner, "you have found out something? You have a clue?"

John shook his head.

"Very little, sir, I am sorry to say. But I ascertained yesterday who was Langton's chief friend, and, to-day, I find he is one of your clerks."

"Aye—aye. That is something."

"It is a man named Kugel."

The Frenchman nodded.

"One of our foreign correspondence clerks. Pray go on, Mr. Ashton. Will you take a chair?"

"I found out where this man Kugel was likely to be found—a billiard-room—and I went there and found him. I asked him what had become of Langton. He refused to tell me, but it was proved that they left the place together, and that Langton was drunk."

"Dronk!" cried the Frenchman. "Mon Dieu! Nevare I see a man so dronk."

John looked astonished.

"Were you there, then?"

"Go on, pray, Mr. Ashton," said the partner. "And then?"

"As he refused to give any account of the boy, I told him I should follow him home. Now, Mr. Halkett, observe that if there were no reason why I should not follow him home, he would have made no objection. But what did he do? Walked the streets till one o'clock in the morning, and then, when I cowhided him, gave the policeman a false address."

"Oh! You—you cowhided—that is, you thrashed him, did you?"

"I did, sir. And now, Mr. Halkett, as I am sure that when we find out this clerk's lodgings we shall learn where the boy has gone, or get upon his track, I have an offer to make you. I am not rich, but I have a few hundreds. They are my mother's property, but I can use them. I will pay you the whole amount by check, at once, if you will undertake to let the boy go."

Mr. Halkett hesitated. "You know," he said, "what I told you yesterday. This case, however, is different. I know more than you, my friend, as you will speedily find out. And I may tell you beforehand that there will be no prosecution. The boy, whether guilty or not in intent, of which I know nothing, is innocent in reality."

"Thank God!" said John.

"And—if I may ask—what relation are you, sir, pray, to the boy?"

"None at all, sir: I have never seen him."

"Then what—what reason have you for proposing this generosity on his behalf?"

"A selfish one, Mr. Halkett. I want to take the boy back to his only sister, and I want to ask that young lady to marry me."

"Ah!" said the Frenchman, throwing up his hands. "It is beau-ti-ful. It is ravishing. It is a tableau for ze Porte St. Martin. Why do I give ze money? Am I fool? am I mad? No—it is not zat I am fool. It is"—here he slapped his heart with emotion—"it is zat I io-ove ze Engleesh mees. Tableau!"

Here the policeman was introduced.

"You will be good enough, policeman, to stand behind the screen until I touch the bell. You, Mr. Ashton, and you, mossoo, had better go behind the screen, too"—it was a big, old-fashioned screen—"and you will all then wait there till I ring the bell. Then you can come out."

"Mon!" cried the Frenchman, leading the way behind the screen. "You, Monsieur le Gendarme, here; you, monsieur, here; I in ze front. Hein? When ze bell rings, I am in front; I dash ze screen aside—so; it falls with a—how you say?—grand fracas. Tableau!"

This was exactly what happened. When Kugel was summoned into the chief's presence, a minute later, they were all there ranged behind the screen in safe concealment.

"I sent for you, Kugel, in reference to this affair of young Langton's."

"Yes, sir."

"I understand that you were his most intimate friend?"

"I certainly was his friend," said Kugel.

"Can you throw any light on the affair?"

"Nothing whatever, sir, I assure you: I wish I could. He did tell me, walking away from the office, that he was going to have paid some money into the bank, but was too late."

"He did not say that he had the money upon him?"

"No, sir—I did not ask him. I think it very unlikely that he would have carried all that money away with him."

"True; it seems unlikely. Well, you left Langton early that evening."

"We walked together to a place where I often stop for a cup of coffee"—oh, Mr. Kugel, and all that gin and water?—"and there he left me."

"Did Langton, now, frequent billiard-rooms, music-halls, or places of that sort?"

"Not to my knowledge; but I could not say with certainty," and he added, with a smile of all sweetness and light, "that I should ever meet him at such places. My evenings are differently spent."

"I am glad to hear it. Then, Kugel, I am to understand that you know nothing whatever of this business?"

"Nothing at all, sir, further than what I have told you."

"And you cannot guess where William Langton now is? Think. You were with him a good deal; can you not suggest any place where he might have fled to escape the consequences of his act?"

"I cannot form the least idea."

"He was in debt, it appears. A man has been here to-day asking for him, and stating that a promissory note which he should be paid yesterday—yesterday, the very day on which he disappeared. That makes the case look worse."

"I am surprised to hear that he was in debt," replied Kugel. "He did not tell me of it. But I think, sir, that you somewhat exaggerate my intimacy with Langton. I really know very little about him, certainly not so much as some others more of his own age in the office."

"Very well, then. I have no other questions to ask you. Come, Kugel," said Mr. Halkett, with a sudden change in manner, "you are lying. You know where young Langton is."

"I do not. And I am not lying," he replied doggedly.

"You know where he is, and you know where the money is. Will you give him up?"

"I do not know. I have not seen him since he left me on Wednesday evening."

"In that case——" Mr. Halkett struck his bell sharply.

The screen behind his chair was instantly drawn aside, and Kugel saw the enemy who had followed him so persistently the night before, a policeman, and a man whom he had never seen before.

He turned pale and trembled.

Then he remembered that he had done a wrong address. No one, at any rate, knew where he lived.

And yet they looked so confident and so certain, those two men—the one whom he knew, and the other, a black-haired man with sharp eyes, who stood with folded arms, and only advanced, as if he was on a stage.

In fact, the Frenchman was on a stage. This was his situation. A screen scene is not new on the stage, and Lady Teazle is not the only woman who has been hidden behind one. But it is always effective, and the Frenchman was thinking how the thing would look on the boards. In his own mind he represented that character so dear to all French novelists, playrights and poets—the instrument of Fate. Yes, the Frenchman, was bringing destruction and punishment upon a scroundrel, who was also a German.

It was delightful—it was sensational.

One drawback only interfered with perfect enjoyment of the situation. The Canadian was acting his part capitally, the Frenchman thought. As a matter of fact, John was simply looking with some kind of pity mixed with wonder at the culprit, who he felt sure was about to be exposed. Now, when an actor succeeds in looking natural he acts well; but the grouping was spoiled by the policeman, who had no dramatic talent whatever, and stood as if he were a machine or a soldier on guard.

"Now, Mr. Ashton," said Mr. Halkett, "we are going in search of this lost boy. Kugel will be taken with us."

They went downstairs, a procession of five, headed by Mr. Halkett. The middle man of the five was Kugel, who said nothing. Great astonishment was excited in the office when it became known that he had gone off with the chief, with a policeman, and with two strangers in a cab. Everybody connected this unwonted business with young Langton, but opinions were divided as to the meaning of it. And the busy pens stopped for a few minutes while the writers laid their heads together and whispered. For some thought that Kugel was proved to be an accomplice in the embezzlement, and others thought that he had found out where Langton had hidden himself and told Mr. Halkett—which seemed mean; others, again, thought that the strangers had brought information to the office, on which Kugel would be called to give evidence. A kind of awe, not without a certain pleasantness of its own, fell upon all the office that morning. One among them—one of the youngest—was suspected of a grievous crime; another might be concerned in it. The disgrace of those two fell on the young men's hearts as a note of warning, and those who owed debts, or had bad consciences, resolved on immediate reform.

Meantime the Frenchman sat on the box beside the driver, and within the cab were the other four, all perfectly silent.

In Kugel's lodgings sat poor Will Langton alone, as perfectly miserable as a boy can well be. His adviser recommended him to lie close, and not to stir out of the house under any circumstances. He could not if he wished, because he had no hat, and his coat had been slashed and cut by the robber who stole the money. It is not healthy to sit for forty-eight hours in a bedroom on a ground-floor back, afraid even to open a window for fear of being seen. Add to this the wretchedness produced by disordered liver—one result of that fatal night's intoxication—by too much tobacco, and by the ever-gnawing pain of a reproachful conscience. It was to this misery that Kugel consigned him. And what would Lettice—poor Lettice say? What would be her agony and shame when the thing was known to her?

How, too, could he get away? He had no money—Kugel had no money. And if the latter could find any, where could he go? To America? But he must first elude the police, who, as Kugel told him—lying as usual—in everything else—were already searching for him. There were no books to read, because the tenant of that room cared for nothing in the way of printed matter but the betting intelligence and the faces of cards. So that the prisoner had to sit in an almost intolerable solitude, with no other resource but to smoke, eat and drink.

He was doing none of these things when the cab drove to the door. He was sitting with his head in his two hands at a table, gazing vacantly before him, trying in vain to find some solitary gleam of comfort; and the tears were rolling down his face. Should he write to Lettice? Should he at least tell her that he was innocent, but afraid to leave his present asylum? And then he started to his feet in terror, because he heard steps in the hall, and because these steps were coming straight to his own door.

The first who entered was Mr. Halkett himself—the man of all men he most dreaded. Behind him came a policeman—and at sight of him the boy dropped his head upon the table and sobbed aloud. He did not wait to see who came after. It was enough for him that he was to be apprehended because the civil power was present in the flesh.

"Langton," said Mr. Halkett, "stand up, sir, and tell me about this."

He stood up and brushed away his tears.

"I lost the money, sir." Here he saw his friend. "You here, Kugel!" he cried.

"Tell us, Langton," repeated Mr. Halkett, "how you came here, and why you are staying here."

"Kugel brought me," he replied. "Kugel told me that no one would believe me if I said that I lost the money, and that a warrant was out for my arrest. So I was afraid to go away."

"Kugel brought you here?"

"Yes. I was—I was——" Here the boy hung his head for shame. "I was drunk, and did not know what happened. And in the morning I found myself lying in the bed. And oh, Mr. Halkett, I am not guilty. Indeed—indeed—I am not. See, my coat was cut and torn like this. I found it so in the morning. And all the money was gone."

"Why was not the money paid into the bank?"

"I was sent out at half-past three, and on the way met Kugel, and we stopped to talk. And he had to tell me that Cassandra had lost the race."

"Cassandra? Cassandra lost——"

"The Cambridgeshire stakes. We had both backed the horse. Kugel advised me. I should have won twenty pounds, because the odds were twenty to one. And Kugel would have won a hundred."

"Oh!" said Mr. Halkett, getting interested. "And so Kugel bets, does he? Before we go any farther, tell me where you generally spend your evenings."

The boy blushed again.

"Sometimes we go to music-halls and sometimes to play billiards."

"You and Kugel; go on. Why did you not return the money to the cashier?"

"Because it was half-past four when I got back, and I thought I would step round in the morning and no one would know. I was afraid to tell him I was too late."

"Who knew of your having the money upon you?"

"Only Kugel, unless I told anybody else when I—got drunk."

"A lad who confesses to being a drunkard——"

"No, sir; no. It is the only time in all my life."

"To be afraid of telling the truth, to waste his evenings in low haunts, to bet upon horse-races—do you think that lad a fit person to remain in my office?"

Will Langton made no reply.

"Now, sir," he turned to Kugel, who was sitting down with an air of great composure. "First of all, you are dismissed my service."

"Very good," said Kugel. "Go on."

"Next you are given in charge for robbing this boy, Langton, of the money which he has lost."

Kugel laughed. But it was rather an uneasy laugh.

"Prove it," he said. "Prove it. I find the boy drunk on a doorstep, I pick him up and carry him home in a cab. He was robbed already when I picked him up."

"They left the billiard-room together," observed John. "That I can prove."

"Listen," said Mr. Halkett, "to a plain tale. Would you repeat," he asked the Frenchman, "would you repeat the story you told me?"

The Frenchman took up a position within the door. It was a small room, and a good deal crowded by the presence of so many, so that there was not much scope for dramatic action. But he proceeded to get as much effect out of the narrative as possible.

"It is midnight. Ze bells have struck ze hour. Ze streets are silent. It rains, and those who sleep are fast asleep. Ze house has shut her much pell-ell. His eyes are half-shut—so—and he breathe—so—hunc, grunc. Nevare I see a boy more dronk. Then our dear friend who call me idiot of Frenchman, he opens ze cabinet, hein? like this"—he opened the common lodging-house chiffonier which stood against the wall; "he take out bottle—en—ferme—this bottle—and make a glass half-gin, half-water. He give this to ze boy. Then, that boy's eyes shut tight—so—he breathe more 'ard—hunc, gr-r-unc—he is more dronk than before, and he knows nozing—nozing at all."

He paused at this point, and replaced the bottle, which, as a theatrical property, had no longer any use in the drama.

"He next, my dear friend from Gairmony, whom we love to see, especially when he calls a Frenchman idiot, he takes a pocket-knife—see—like this, perhaps it is ze same knife;" it was in the drawer of the chiffonier; he took it out and opened it. "And by this knife he cuts ze buttons off ze boy's coat—so—and cuts ze boutonnieres—so—" he imitated the action on his own coat. "Afterwards, he puts ze buttons in ze drawer of ze cabinet—here is one—aha! and here is ze ozer;" in fact, the two buttons were lying there. The policeman compared them with the buttons on Will Langton's coat, and then slipped them into his own pocket. "Afterwards, he takes a sac—a bag—out of ze boy's pocket—so—he opens ze sac, he takes out what is inside it, he lays it all on ze table—so. There is papers, notes, billets de banque; there is gold, a pile, a heap, a leetle mountain of gold—he counts it all—and when it is counted, he hides it away. Where does he hide it?"

He looked all round for an answer to this question, but no one, not even Mr. Kugel himself, ventured one; the Frenchman went on.

"This time he addressed himself to Kugel, whose face was of a deathly pallor.

"Where did he hide it? Aha, voleur, tell to us where did he hide it? In ze bed? No. Shall I tell ze respectable Mr. Halkett where he hide that money?"

He stepped across the room, and felt for a moment or so with his feet. Then, assuming an attitude of commanding superiority, coupled with tragic gloom, he said to the policeman: "Lift up ze carpet; find a timber which permit himself to be elevated. There is ze money!"

John Ashton comprehended, though the policeman did not; and, lifting the carpet, began to search about the planks.

Here Kugel lost his self-possession, and began, I regret to say, to use strong language. He said that it was very clear that a conspiracy had been got up against his character, the meaning and nature of which he should make it his business to inquire into; that he knew nothing about the money which might be there or might not. That this was all the reward he got for harboring an ungrateful sneaking boy who was afraid to go back to his work. That those who expected anything from Englishmen, especially when they allied themselves with Frenchmen, were fortunate in contempt of thinking men (I omit all the garnish and ornament of his speech); and that—but here he was interrupted by a cry of astonishment from John Ashton. The "timber which permitted himself to be elevated" was found, and the policeman, searching beneath it, found—nothing. They lit a candle and looked again—nothing!

Then Kugel changed his tone again, and became triumphant.

"Here is a very pretty end to your fine conspiracy," he said. "Now, Mr. Halkett, produce your proof! A mad Frenchman invents a story for some purpose of his own, which you believe at once without inquiring into the circumstances. I give you notice, Mr. Halkett, great city man that you are, that I am acting an action against you for conspiring to ruin my character. You and everyone in this room shall be the defendants. I will ruin you all."

"Aha!" cried the Frenchman, turning up his shirt-cuffs, for this was the grand coup de theatre that he was about to play. "We have not yet finished the drama. Where is ze money, Monsieur Halkett—it was in notes and gold—ow much?"

"Three hundred pounds."

"Be-old your money!" He unbuttoned his coat and drew out of the pocket the bank bag. "Count your money. Hein? You think"—he turned to Kugel—"you think ze fool of Frenchman so great fool as leave ze money for you to take? No, no, Monsieur Kugel, I am not so fool as zat."

"It is quite right, sir; and I beg that you will allow me to thank you very much for your prompt and vigorous action. Policeman, you have seen enough to warrant the arrest of this man. We will, if you please, go straight to the Mansion House."

"It is finished," said the Frenchman, regretfully. "Ze play is over; let fall ze curtain; make ze gas to descend; let us all go away."

The play, so far as his tableaux were concerned, was certainly over. For Mr. Kugel it threatened to be just beginning.

"Mr. Halkett," said John Ashton, "you have the money. The attempts of this man to steal it have been frustrated. Will it not be sufficient punishment that he can never obtain another situation in the city, and that his character is gone? Let him go free."

Mr. Halkett hesitated. To be sure, the house had lost nothing; and the robbery story depended wholly on the evidence of the Frenchman, who might break down.

"Go, sir," he said at length. "Rid us of your presence. You are free, so far as I am concerned."

Kugel put on his hat and disappeared without a word. As I have heard nothing since about him, he has probably returned to his native country, and is now, perhaps, English corresponding clerk in Berlin. But that is mere conjecture.

"I say, sir, for you, Langton," said Mr. Halkett, "you have had, I hope, a sufficient warning. You may return to your duties to-morrow; but I shall keep my eye upon you."

"No, sir," said John Ashton. "We thank you, but this boy must not return to your house. First of all, he would have to explain too much and find another situation half his life. But if you will kindly inform the clerks publicly that Kugel is the only guilty person, and that the money has been recovered, it might do Langton great service. There are other reasons why he must not go back to your service."

"What are they?"

"How many clerks have you? Four hundred, we will say. Do you ever consider the lives these clerks live at home? Do you know what temptations there are in this great city for any young man?"

Mr. Halkett was silent.

"Of all young men in the world," John went on, "I should say there are none so much tempted as the clerks who have to live alone in lodgings."

"How can I help them?"

"I do not know, sir. What I do know is that you have not tried. Forgive my plain speaking, Mr. Halkett. People say you are a good man. Do something to show it for your servants."

CHAPTER IX.—FATHER AND SON.

John took possession of Will Langton as if the boy belonged to him.

"Come with me," he said; "I will take you to my hotel, where we will get you a new rig-out instead of that torn coat, and where your sister can come to see you."

"Who are you?" asked Will, rather frightened at this exhibition of strength.

"Never mind that now. Come: let us get out of this place as fast as we can. Faugh! I feel as if I was being choked. What are you waiting for?"

"I can't find my pipe and tobacco-pouch."

"Your what? Your pipe? Here's a boy of seventeen pretends he wants tobacco. Come!"

He took the lad by the arm. He was rather a scarecrow to look at, in spite of his shapely features and pink-and-white complexion, being attired in the coat whose buttons were cut off and button-holes slashed, in which he had slept two nights, and in which, during that fatal night of drink, he had rolled about in mud and dust. His linen was yellow, his collar broken and creased, and he had no hat at all.

"I don't know," said John doubtfully, "whether you are worth all the trouble we have had about you. You may be, because your sister is fond of you; though how anyone with a grain of self-respect could call himself a friend of that—that fellow"—John cast about for a strong word; but, as he did not possess the trick of swearing, none other occurred to him—"that fellow Kugel beats me altogether."

He got the boy outside the house at last—the Frenchman was gone back to the British Museum, where he was writing a magnificent London letter to his editor, called L'Affaire Kugel—and found a cab to take them back to the Queen's Hotel, St. Martin's. On the way he stopped to make Master Will a little more presentable; and at last, it being then two o'clock in the afternoon, John was able to deposit the boy in the coffee-room, under strict promise not to leave the hotel, and to hasten to Lettice with the news.

"I told you," he said, "to have patience and hope."

She looked up wearily. It was one of those bad days when everything seemed dreary to her, and there was not even hope left in the bottom of the box.

"Patience! for how long?" she asked. "Hope! for what?"

"For everything, Miss Langton. You need not hope any more; nor be patient any longer. For what you prayed for has come to pass."

"Not—that he is innocent?"

"Yes; that he is innocent! Your brother's innocence is proved; the lost money is found; the guilt is fixed on the right person; we have discovered him; and at this very moment—at least I think so—Mr. Halkett is announcing to his clerks that Langton has been proved no thief or embezzler."

She clasped her hands together. It was almost too much, in the low vitality to which her sedentary life had reduced her, to receive all at once. She burst into tears.

"Oh, my poor Will! my dear Will! But I do not understand—Mr. Ashton, are you quite sure—quite, quite sure?"

"Quite," he said, smiling. "There is no room for doubt. Your brother is safe at my hotel. The lost money has been found and restored. It is as clear as the day that Will was robbed."

"Oh, let me go to him."

"Presently," said John. "Not just yet. Although the boy was innocent of the crime imputed to him, he was not. I am sorry to say, innocent altogether. I mean," he added hastily, because her face put on suddenly a pitifully-pained look which went to his heart—"I mean that his sins were only those into which a boy, greatly tempted, might easily fall. He had got into bad hands; he was made to go out, night after night, to low places—places which you have never heard of."

And then he told her all, while Lettice shed tears of gratitude and joy.

"What can I say to you, Mr. Ashton?" she sobbed. "I am so grateful—so very grateful—and so happy."

"And yet only five minutes ago you were looking out of that prison-window, wondering whether there was any room left for hope."

"Yes, it seems so easy, in this quiet house, to lose all hope. Listen! Do you hear any sound at all?"

In the heart of the city, in Great St. Simon Apostle, close to Carmel

SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND INSCRIBED AS A TOKEN OF ESTEEM TO MISS KATIE F—,

BY H. ALSTON DARLEY.

A deathless woe enshrouds my heart,
And all of joy or peace I see.
Like swallows in the eve, depart,
Or Summer clouds across the lea.
Chaotic seems the solitude
Enshrined within yon voiceless walls,
And sometimes memories sweet intrude
Where now no happy laughter falls.
The sun on yonder casement glistened
And glowed within its sweet confines,
And you, fair Nature's subjects, listened—
Perched high on massive, towering pines—
To notes that welled with cadence low
From lips that breathed nor care nor guile,
Lips chilled at touch of Azrael's breath,
Sweet birds, where now *her* gentle smile?
Out from the gloom come fleeting ghosts
In robes transparent white arrayed—
A trance of agonizing hosts
To mind's nomadic view displayed—
And trooping past they rest on me
The tender gaze of days gone by;
Again in visions bright I see
Fond hopes that in the churchyard lie.
No Lydian measures now awake
The death of silence settled deep,
No fairy footfall comes to break
The quiet of joy's endless sleep.
The feathered songsters, stilled in voice,
Nay, swift their aerial flight above;
Fair Nature ceases to rejoice
In absence of their songs of love.
The merry brooklet stills its lay,
Its wealth of ancient music lore,
Nor stops to kiss the dew away
From flowers bathing on the shore.
The blushing rose inverts its bloom,
Nor hears the amorous-freighted wind,
But sorrows at the gathered gloom,
And drops a dewy tear behind.
Where are those loved ones of the past?
All laid where vine and ivy creep.
O God! with all the power Thou hast,
Lo!! still another soul to sleep.
Resigned I am, yet long to see
The faces on Life's pictured walls;
Living in me I'd live in Thee—
Where Joy and Peace and Grace enthralls.

Brooklyn, 1877.

"OLD JERRY" WOMBWELL.

COMPILED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JAMES WIGHT.

Most of us can recollect when the menagerie first began to form an important factor in every well-organized circus; but we have to be under obligations to the memories of our grandfathers when we seek to discover the origin of peripatetic wild-beast shows. It is possible to find, here and there in New York, a silver-haired patriarch, from the "old country," who can remember "Old Jerry" Wombwell when he was yet an humble disciple of St. Crispin, and before the ambition of becoming the pioneer of traveling menageries agitated his curiously furnished head. It is a little over half a century* since the showman mania overtook him; and down to the present day his caravans, like the Wandering Jew, have been constantly on the march from town to town, from fair to fair, from the Land's End to John o' Groat's, and from Coleraine to Bantry.

When a boy, little George—for thus was he christened, and not "Old Jerry"—manifested "the ruling passion" in his inordinate fondness for pigeons, canaries, rabbits, dogs, guinea-pigs, and other odorous pets. As a considerable portion of his time was occupied in catering to the necessities of his live-stock, he was not regarded as a promising shoemaker. But the circumstances that led him into the menagerie business were purely accidental. Keeping a shoe-store in Compton street, Soho, London, he happened one day to pay a visit to the London Docks, where he saw some of the first boa-constrictors ever imported into England. These formidable reptiles were not objects of frenzied competition among showmen at the time. Little was then known about their management, while rumor had painted in vivid colors their "constricting" proclivities. They "mashed" Wombwell, however, and after dallying round, and cogitating, and bargaining, he purchased a pair for three hundred and seventy-five dollars. In the course of the next three weeks he doubled the purchase money by exhibiting the boas in Piccadilly, near St. James' Church. Ever afterwards the tenderest place in his heart was reserved for the serpent-tribe, inasmuch as they had first unbarred the gate that led him to fields of fame and fortune.

It was in this way that he left the shoe trade for the show business. Henceforward, at "Bartlemy" Fair, the most famous in England; at Glasgow Fair, the most famous in Scotland; and at Donnybrook Fair, the most famous in Ireland, and, next to Frankfort, Leipzig and Novgorod, the most famous in the world—Wombwell's Menagerie, if absent, would have been felt as a withering and blighting blank. At the great suburban fairs of Camberwell, Croydon and Greenwich it was always a first-rate attraction—crowded from morning till night. At Nottingham and Birmingham Fairs he usually took a few more money than at any other, except the now defunct "Bartlemy;" while the present writer has visited the show at York, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sunderland, Shields, Alnwick and Berwick during which years on his regular route northward to Scotland, where he was quite as popular as in South Britain. Paisley was an excellent paying place, and at the Falkirk and Doune Trysts he astonished the weak minds of the Highlanders. At Donnybrook, where the fair lasted eight days, the largest in the famous wild-beast show never flagged, even after the boys had got tired kicking up rows and brandishing their shillalahs. All the famous race-meetings in the three kingdoms were regularly visited; and in order to compass this kind of miraculous ubiquity, he used to divide his huge establishment into three sections.

He amassed a handsome fortune, but could never be prevailed upon to retire to the enjoyment of ease and affluence. He died, as he had lived, in harness. He never abandoned the closest attention to the minutest business of the show; and he might often be seen scrubbing and jobbing around to the very last, as indefatigable as the humblest attache of his menagerie.

That quaint but often jaundiced chronicler, Hone, in his "Every-day Book," under date of September 25, 1825, gives an account of a visit to Bartholomew Fair, in which we get a curious glimpse of Wombwell's Show:

"At ten o'clock this morning," says Hone, "I entered Smithfield from Giltspur street. On this day there were uncovered stalls from the Skinner-street corner of Giltspur street, beginning at the beginning of the churchyard, along the whole length of the churchyard. The shows of all kinds had their fronts towards the area of Smithfield, and their backs close against the back of the stalls. My object in going to Bartholomew Fair was to observe its present state." Therefore, he "took a perambulatory view of the exterior, examining the promising show-cloths and inscriptions on each show." After visiting, in seriatim, the whole rank and file of shows, he finally reached Wombwell's, and his pen begins to distil venom. "The back of this man's menagerie fronted towards Giltspur street. The front was entirely covered with painted show-cloths representing the animals, with the proprietor's name in immense letters above, and the words 'The Conquering Lion' very conspicuous. There were other show-cloths along the whole length of the side surmounted by this inscription, stretching out in one line of large capital letters: 'Nero and Wallace, the same Lions that fought at Warwick.' One of the front show-cloths represented one of the fights; a lion stood upon with a dog in his mouth, crunched between his grinders; the blood ran from his jaws; his left leg stood upon another dog squelched by his weight. A third dog was in the act of flying at him furiously, and one, wounded and bleeding, was fearfully retreating. There were seven other show-cloths on this front, with the words 'Nero and Wallace' between them. One of those show-cloths, whereon the monarch of the forest was painted, was inscribed: 'Nero, the Great Lion from Caffraria.'"

Sixpence was the entrance-fee. Hone paid it and went in. "I had witnessed," he says, "some irregularities incident to a mixed multitude filling so large a space as Smithfield; yet no disorder without was equal to the disorder within Wombwell's. There was no passage at the end, through which persons might make their way out; perhaps this was part of the proprietor's policy, for he might imagine that the universal disgust that prevailed in London while he was manifesting his brutal cupidity at Warwick had not subsided. Be this as it may, his show was a shameful scene." At Nero's den the showman invited any of the spectators who chose to pay him sixpence to enter. "The man was as greedy of gain as his master, and mounted his post as long as he was a chance of sixpence." He describes the world-renowned showman as "undersized in mind as well as form, a weazen, sharp-faced man, with a skin reddened by more than natural spirits, and speaking in a voice and language that accorded with his feelings and propensities." So much for even a good man's groundless prejudice! Seen and spoken to at a different time in a happier mood, both Wombwell and Hone would have formed a different impression of each other.

The lion and dog fight alluded to above made a profound sensation at the time. It took place on the 26th of July, 1825. The scene was an extensive inclosure known as the Old Factory Yard, in the suburbs of Warwick, on the road towards Nottingham. For days previous *The London Times* and *The Morning Herald* had been agitating towards its prevention. The cage in which the fight took place stood in the centre of a hollow square, bounded on two sides by ranges of empty workshops, the windows of which were fitted up with planks on barrels as seats for spectators, and on the remaining two sides by the whole of Wombwell's wild collection.

"In the course of the morning," says *The London Times* of Thursday, July 30, 1825, "the dogs were shown for the fee of a shilling at a public-house in Warwick called 'The Green Dragon.' The price of admission demanded for the contest in the first place seemed to have been founded on very gross miscalculation. Three guineas were asked for seats at the windows in the first, second and third floors of the factory, and two guineas for the fourth, while remoter seats were a guinea or half a guinea, according to location. The cage measured fifteen feet square and ten high, with its floors elevated six feet from the ground. The top and sides were composed of iron bars placed at such a distance that the dogs might enter or escape between, but too close for the lion to follow." Wheeler, the agent of Mr. Henry Martin (the Burgh of the period), applied to the Mayor of Warwick to stop the exhibition; but his honor declined on the ground that, "as the law then stood, no steps could be taken before the act constituting 'cruelty' had been committed." At a quarter past seven in the evening there were between four and five hundred people assembled. With two or three notable exceptions, all were of the coarser sex. The fight was between Nero and six mastiff dogs. Wombwell remained in the cage with the lion while the dogs were excited by being held up to the rails by their respective handlers. When the proprietor retired, the degrading spectacle was inaugurated. In the first assault three dogs were let loose. They rushed upon the lion and seized him in different parts of the body. He was as tame as a Newfoundland dog, and was evidently disposed to act as peacemaker between the combatants. Finding himself cruelly assailed by all sides, he roared with pain. "He was destined to undergo a still severer trial; for, the first set of dogs having been removed, a second set was introduced, who caught poor Nero by the nose. He roared terrifically; and, as before, endeavored to paw them off. He succeeded with some little difficulty, inflicting some severe scratches. He then came round the bars, as if endeavoring to find some avenue of escape; but the dogs followed him, and, rushing to the front, again seized him in the tender place. Once more did Nero shake them off, inflicting sundry wounds, and then, as if terrified at their fury, turned round and endeavored to fly—running round the cage amid cries of 'He's beaten, he's beaten!'"

At this moment he was bleeding profusely from the nose and mouth, and the seconds of the dogs, watching an opportunity, drew them out and insisted that they had won. Wombwell denied that the lion was beaten, and with a pail of water entered the cage and sponged the noble brute off. Then a third encounter ensued. "The dogs attacked the lion with increased ferocity, and instantly pinned him by the nose to the floor, when he roared with agony. It was then acknowledged that the dogs were victorious. They were then taken off, and Nero rushed into his sanctuary."

Not the least singular feature of the disgraceful combat was furnished by the circumstance that it came off immediately under the eyes of a large number of wild beasts of all descriptions. There were three lions, besides the docile combatant; a she-wolf with cubs, a hyena, a white bear, a lioness, two female leopards with cubs, two zebras, a large assortment of monkeys, and two wild apes, with a variety of other interesting immigrants in cages arranged within a few feet of the fighting cage.

"In the same week," says *The Morning Herald*, "Mr. Wombwell matched his Wallace, a fine lion cubbed in Scotland, against six of the best mastiffs that could be found in England. The temper of Wallace was that of a forest lion, and exactly the opposite of that of Nero. The dogs were Tinker, Ball, Billy, Sweep, Turpin and Tiger. In the first round Tinker and Ball were let loose, and both made a gallant attack. But Wallace waited for them as if aware of the character of his foes. He clapped his paw upon poor Ball, took Tinker in his teeth, and deliberately walked around the stage with him as a cat would with a mouse. He at length dropped Tinker, who crawled off the stage. The lion then seized Ball and chewed him in the same fashion, as if he had been trained to it. Turpin and Sweep were vanquished similarly, in less than a minute. Billy and Tiger next went to work. Wallace seized Billy by the loins, and while shaking him Tiger ran away. Billy escaped with life in him—that was all."

The victory of course was declared in favor of the lion. Several well-dressed women witnessed the contest from the "choice seats" in the adjacent factory windows. Over two hundred years had elapsed since England had been disgraced by a contest of the kind. In the reign of James the First a similar exhibition took place in A. D. 1610 "for the amusement of the court." At Vienna two great contests took place in the amphitheatre, in the years 1790 and 1791, respectively, on each occasion between six Hungarian mastiffs and a lion. In all these fights the lion proved victorious.

Wombwell's Menageries still continue their regular rounds. They now travel under the name of "Edmunds".

* "Jerry" Wombwell, who died in his caravan in 1850, was the proprietor of a traveling menagerie at least as early as 1806. As he was seventy years old when he died, it is scarcely possible to find in New York, and it would be difficult to find anywhere else, "silver-haired patriarchs" who knew him when he was a shoemaker.—ED. CLIPPER.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS---CLIPPER SERIES, NO. LI.

THE DECLINING DAYS OF THE OLD CHATHAM.

The bill this week is a reminiscence of Purdy's National Theatre, Chatham street, after the long run of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which had put new life into it, had exhausted it of almost all its vitality. The house was first opened Sept. 11, 1839, by Thomas Flynn and the Henry E. Willard who is now proprietor of the National Theatre, Broadway, formerly the Globe. It changed hands frequently up to about 1850, when A. H. Purdy, who had been in the box-office under Flynn & Chanfrau, became its lessee. Ultimately Purdy was succeeded by Tom Steers, a member of the noted shipbuilding family. Purdy was last connected with the establishment in 1859. The means he had accumulated, mainly through the success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the attractiveness of a few spectacular dramas appealing strongly to the tastes of the denizens of the lower Wards on the east side of the town, dwindled away, and he died as poor as the humblest member of his many stock-companies.

PURDY'S NATIONAL THEATRE.

Sole lessee, proprietor and manager, A. H. Purdy; stage-manager, G. L. Fox; treasurer, Mr. Wood.

Dress-circles, 25 cents; pit, 12½ cents; orchestra chairs, 50 cents; private boxes, second circle, $5 exclusive, or $1 for each person. Doors open at 7 o'clock; curtain will rise at a quarter before 8 precisely.

THE GREATEST BILL OF THE SEASON.

Farewell benefit of the favorite tragedian

MR. J. R. SCOTT,

on which occasion W. M. FOSTER, the popular tragedian will appear, when the two great dramas will be performed,

O'NEAL THE GREAT,

with Mr. J. R. Scott as O'Brien, and

THE ARMORER OF TYRE,

with Mr. W. M. Foster as Gio, the Armorer.

MONS. SCHMIDT, MR. G. L. FOX and MLLE. THERESE in their favorite pantomime of

THE FOUR LOVERS.

THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT. 13, 1855.

The entertainments will commence with the celebrated drama of

O'NEAL THE GREAT,

the Great Moore O'Brien, Earl of Thomond and descended from Brien Borolhme, King of Ireland..... J. R. Scott
MacCarthy More, Earl of Desmond..... S. R. Wilkins
Shane O'Neal, surnamed O'Neal the Great.....C. W. Taylor
Hugh O'Neal, nephew to Shane..... Rogers
McGuire.. Gainer
O'Rourke..... Princes leagued with Shane O'Neal Smith
McMahon.. T. Watson
O'Reilly.. Norton
Phaelrig of the Glen..... G. F. Fox
Torlogh..... Sept of the O'Brien W. Mitchell
Mortog Reg
O'Donnel, Prince of Tirconnel..... McWilliams
Eleanor O'Neal, daughter of Shane..... Mrs. S. R. Wilkins
Judith O'Moore, her attendant..... Miss Fanny Herring
Chiefs, septs, ladies, etc.

ENGLISH.

Earl of Essex, the Commander in chief of the English forces..... J. C. Dunn
Sir John Norris, his Lieutenant-general..... J. R. Scott
Hon. Piers Bagnal..... Cushman
John Bacon..... J. Herbert
David Brandon..... Charman
Johnny Denny..... Holmes
English soldiers, camp-robbers, etc.

FAVORITE DANCE..... MLLE. ANGELA.

To be followed by the wonderful classical and effective drama of

THE ARMORER OF TYRE, OR THE ORACLE AND ITS PRIEST.

CITIZENS OF TYRE.

Gio, the Armorer of Tyre.....
Balbec, Chief Priest of the Temple of Hercules..... W. M. Foster
Sadrac Bobellin, a wine vender..... G. L. Fox
Abal, an apprentice to Gio..... J. Herbert
Gio..... Morrison
Uz, an aged trader..... Holmes
Gaba, an architect..... Leonard
Arac, a shepherd..... F. Dunn
Aron, an advocate..... Gainer
Geba, a woodman..... Smith
Male and female citizens, citizens, slaves and water-carriers.

NOBLES.

Mapeu, King of Tyre..... D. Oakley
Phalis, Prince of Tyre..... S. R. Wilkins
Mison Ladin, an aged councillor, supposed to have been slain by a secret order of the tyrant King..... C. W. Taylor
Antiachus Strato, a prince-merchant and friend to the people..... Mr. McWilliams
Ebo, a Chief of the King's Legion..... A. Cushman
Alsera, a Chief of the King's Legion..... A. J. Lyons
Theodoric, a Chief of the King's Legion..... Mr Watson
Pages..... Mast Murray and Miss Marie
Folbarb, a Chief of the King's Legion..... Rich
Byzanthe, a Chief the King's Legion..... Rogers
Artemesia, Queen of the Amazons..... Miss Mack
Soldiers, priests of the temple, priestesses, vestals, etc.
Marina, the supposed daughter of Kisra Lanty..... Mrs S. R. Wilkins
Principal Vestal..... Miss Heywood
Amazons..... Miss James, Miss Broadley, Miss Leslie, Miss Wright, Miss Farren, etc., etc.

POPULAR DANCE, MLLE. ANGELA.

The whole to conclude with the pantomime of

THE FOUR LOVERS,

received with shouts of laughter and great applause wherever it has been performed.

Sibi, in search of a wife..... Mr. G. L. Fox
Mr. Martin, a rich proprietor..... A. J. Lyons
Kronseroft, his secretary..... C. Chapman
Blaise, a favorite lover..... Mons. Schmidt
Madame Michaud..... D. Oakley
Le Pere Thomas..... W. Mitchell
Linette, her daughter..... Mlle. Therese

In the course of the piece will be introduced a

GRAND PAS DE DEUX AND PAS STYRIEN BY MLLE. THERESE AND MONS. SCHMIDT,

together with a variety of laughable and comic incidents.

MR. J. H. ALLEN, the favorite young tragedian of the South, has been engaged, and will appear to-morrow evening as Duke Aranza.

MISS ADA CLIFTON, a young lady of this city (pupil of Mrs Maeder, late Miss Clara Fisher) will make her début to-morrow evening, appearing as JULIANA in THE HONEYMOON.

On Monday will be revived in great splendor the historical drama of

EVA, THE IRISH PRINCESS.

Also, the brilliant pantomime of

THE GOLDEN AXE.

NOTICE.—Refreshments of all kinds can be obtained at the second-circle saloons.

It will have been observed that George L. Fox, who died so recently, was stage-manager. The original occupant of this position under Flynn & Willard was James Anderson, a cynical, crabbed veteran who long ago paid the debt of nature, and who was best known as "Irish" Anderson. The reason of his being so called was that Irish characters were "his best hould." Yet he was a thorough Shakespearian scholar, and many an actor, going off the stage with the intention of refreshing his memory by appealing to the book in "Jimmy" Anderson's hand, found that the latter was prompting "Macbeth" or "Richard III" from nothing but a copy of "The Irish Tutor" or some other favorite farce of his own. His holding any book whatever was only to give the younger actors assurance that, while they were on the stage, he was ready to come to the rescue. When they sought to "freshen up" by looking at the prompt-book, he would "give them the grand laugh." Anderson was still stage-manager when G. L. Fox first came to the National. The old man had a fashion of venturing his opinion before it was asked. Usually he was right; occasionally he missed fire. He predicted the failure of the Aiken-Howard version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and as stage-manager would have nothing to do with its preparation, so that G. C. Howard was virtually stage-manager, while Anderson drew salary as such in fact. He also predicted the utter and direct failure of Fox before he had even rehearsed. George had come from down-East, wore a cap, was dressed in anything but metropolitan fashion, and looked like anything but a promising low-comedian. "And is this the clumsy lout that is going to do the work of Charley Burke and Joe Jefferson?" asked Anderson, in the fullness of his brogue, and with all that bitterness of contempt for which his intonation was noted. The query was addressed to Manager Purdy, and from Anderson's emphatic protest against the employment of Fox, and his prediction that he would prove a failure, originated the story that Fox was a failure. There are some few persons still living who were busy at the National Theatre on the night that Fox made his metropolitan debut. They (and among them is Harry Seymour) can testify that he was not a failure. On the first night he played Christopher Strap in "A Pleasant Neighbor," as well as Giles Washbud in what was then "The Magic Well," and on the succeeding one he essayed Tobias Shortcut in "The Spitfire," a role which Joseph Jefferson—who was a better actor then than he has been at any time since he first began to earn his world-wide fame in Boucicault's version of "Rip Van Winkle"—had made peculiarly his own, not only at the Chatham, but in Philadelphia and Baltimore as well. Fox was not then a Joe Jefferson; but, had he been a fizzle as Strap, he would not have been allowed, on the second night, to place himself in direct contrast with Jefferson. It is due to Anderson, whose frankness in uttering unkind words was compensated for by a like frankness as to kindly thoughts, to add that he apologized to Fox.

The performance under review was for the benefit of John R. Scott. It was, we think, his last appearance at the National Theatre, although we believe he fulfilled one later engagements in this city—at Barnum's Museum—prior to his death, which occurred in Philadelphia in the Spring of 1856. "O'Neal the Great" and "Gio, the Armorer of Tyre," were of that class of dramas peculiar to that house, and the bulk of them from 1851 to 1856 were from the pens of James Pilgrim and N. B. Clarke, the latter of whom, since his death, has been represented in financial circles by his nephew, the partner of Jay Gould. Clarke dramatized "Gio" from the story of that name published in *Gleason's Pictorial*, a Boston weekly having in those days a large circulation. Daniel Peggotty in "David Copperfield," Donald More O'Brien in "O'Neal the Great," and Gio in "The Armorer of Tyre" were among the last new parts undertaken by Scott, whose widow, a favorite minor actress at the Chatham in the days of Ewen & Chanfrau, is now a member of the household of John J. Nathans of circus-fame. The stage of this city has known no greater popular idol than J. R. Scott. "Uncle John" was singled out from among his male contemporaries for special marks of regard in much the same way that "Our Mary" (Mary Taylor) was the honored above the other female members of her profession in her day. He was a Philadelphian by birth, and first saw the light on Oct. 17, 1809, as was recorded at his death, being a year later than was recorded during his lifetime. He was born at the Drawbridge, a passage-way over Dock and parallel with Front street. The house was standing long after the Drawbridge had disappeared, something like forty years ago; and it may be standing yet. Young Scott received a moderate English education, and at an early age entered the counting-house of William S. Smith & Co. of that city. His taste for histrionics was first developed in an amateur association, just as was that of Edwin Forrest, who was a clerk for J. R. Baker & Son, German importers, in Race street, below Third, in Philadelphia. Scott's first appearance upon the professional stage was at the Park Theatre, in this city, on July 2, 1828, for the benefit of Junius Brutus Booth the elder, who played Macbeth, while Scott did Malcolm, but not under his own name. His second appearance on any stage was made at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, in the scarcely audible role of Peter in "Speed the Plough," under the eye of Booth himself, who discreetly kept him in the background for several months, his first venture of any note being Buckingham in "Richard III." Spite of his timidity at the outset, he had remarkable natural abilities for the profession of his adoption, a good physique, a fine face, eyes that could look tragedy, but a guttural voice that never wholly left him. Possessing far more advantages than drawbacks (conviviality became the greatest of the latter), he made rapid progress when at last he got fairly under weigh, and was useful at the Tremont in native parts, foreshadowing, even low Frenchmen. To nautical roles he took naturally, and it was as William in "Black-eyed Susan" that he first appeared professionally in his native city, Aug. 29, 1831, at the old Arch-street Theatre. His last days in Philadelphia were for many years confined to that house, about his only departure from it being on July 28, 1832, when he played Gambia, a favorite role with him up to his death, at the Chestnut street Theatre. It was in this year that he became a "star," and also in this year as Titus in "Brutus," Nov. 29, at the Park Theatre, for the benefit of John Howard Payne) that he reappeared in this city. His first great success in Philadelphia was in September, 1832, as Sir Giles Overreach, and during that season he won popular regard by his impersonations of Alexandro Massaroni. Artistically, it was unworthy of him, however. It has been written that he was not an imitator. This could only have been indited to refute the charge that he had in several respects made Edwin Forrest his model. It cannot apply to his Massaroni. In that he was unlike himself, and a close copier of the elder James Wallack. The role was never made a feature of Scott's repertory in this city, where Wallack's Massaroni was so familiar. There is an impression that Scott was "only a Bowery actor." No greater error could occur. In his closing years his engagements were certainly confined to the Chatham, Bowery, Barnum's Museum, and St. Charles, and his chief characters were such as are in this bill, together with Richmond Cupp, Michael in "Putnam," the Adopted Child," Oneacta in "Putnam," the Shoemaker of Toulouse, the Carpenter of Rouen, the Surgeon of Paris, etc. But he *had* played everywhere in this city, everywhere throughout the country, and for a year or more (1846-7-8) in Great Britain. Apart from this, his special engagements were so frequent as to make him virtually a "star" almost continuously, even when his true position was that of leading man in the stock. He played Sir Giles Overreach at the Park Theatre before he was twenty-four years old, and Virginius at the Bowery when he was twenty-five. His first engagement at the latter establishment beginning with that character on Aug. 11, 1834; and in 1838 he was specially engaged at the Park to support Mrs. Charles Kean, then Miss Ellen Tree. In many characters of no great, or of many more he was the creator. Much of the sentimental regard we moderns still have for the Indian is due to his dignified depictions of the savage, in one form or another, in one drama or a dozen dramas. There have been many Napoleon Bonapartes (and but few of them equal to Forrest), many Richelieus, no other actor, not even "Governor" Joseph Foster, looked the part so well as Scott. All heroic roles were his, and he was the original in America of "Hofer, or the Tell of the Tyrol," in which Wyzeman Marshall was also prominent. He was the original in Philadelphia of the characters of Julian St. Pierre in "The Wife," of Ugolino, of Tom Cringle, and even of Dan MacCrazy in "Jonathan Bradford." Instances might be multiplied by the hundred of his being either the creator or the original role of the best portrayer of them in important cities. Allusion has been made to his conviviality. That helped to make him poor. But it only helped. His generosity more than kept pace with his conviviality. One instance of the former will suffice to "show the way" to many another. About 1837, while traveling in the Southern States, he met, in Louisville, Ky., Ingersoll was the great, if not the original Wacousta. After a brilliant dramatic career of fewer than seven years, he was now a self-wrecked man, physically and mentally. At parting, Scott pressed his hand, and in his palm, when Scott had gone, Ingersoll found $100. Scott last appeared before the public at Sanford's Opera-house, Philadelphia, on Feb. 28, 1856. He was to have played a part of Othello to the Iago of his old friend the late William Field. He dressed for it, but was too ill to play, and went in front of the curtain and apologized. He died on the following April 4, at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Daniel Delaney.

There are many other names in the bill over which we should delight to pause as we have over "Uncle John's;" but there is not room. The death of Mrs. Sidney B. Wilkins was recorded in our pastissue. Her husband, who played MacCarthy More, has been dead seven or eight years. In his last illness he was irritable to an extreme, and could ply a cane with vigor, even though, disabled, he could not rise from his bed. Whoever helped him up was pretty certain to be rewarded by feeling the cane. William M. Foster—known as "Bully" Foster—who played Gio for Scott's benefit, died in New Jersey while traveling in charge of Little Nell. Having, on retiring at his hotel, put out the light, he put out his own light. He had but partially shut off the gas, and was suffocated in his sleep. There was not money enough in Little Nell's treasury to bury him, and it was proposed to leave the body to the chances of burial in Jersey. This plan was not carried out. It being found that the "treasury" could stand the cost (ten dollars) of expressage to this city, the remains were transferred, upon the responsibility of Harry Cunningham, to Stolt's undertaking warerooms, in the Bowery, and thence were conveyed to Cypress Hills Cemetery. The day of the funeral was a terribly cold one. At first the grave could not be found. When it was found, it was also found that it had not been opened. The few actors who were mourners often tell how they kept from freezing while the digging was in progress. It was a memorable funeral. Cunninghan subsequently raffled off the watch and a few other trinkets the deceased had owned, and so poor "Bully" Foster sleeps, with his curly locks and his geniality, in a grave of his own, purchased from the proceeds of his scant estate. White-haired Charles W. Taylor died about three years ago in what was then Westchester County, N. Y. Little John Herbert is also dead, and so is Asa Cushman. Billy Mitchell died on Blackwell's Island. As soon as news of his death reached this city, measures were taken to have his body removed; but his grave, unfortunately, had not been marked so as to distinguish one "unknown" from another, and the paupers' ground is his resting-place yet. The two Chapmans in the bill are Hi Chapman, now in St. Louis. Miss McWilliams, we think, is the mother of Katie Putnam. Mr. McWilliams had come to the New York National from the Boston National. So far as we can now state, the only ones in the bill who are still before the public are James C. Dunn, Fanny Herring and D. Oakley. The last-mentioned gentleman, who sends us the bill, can perhaps identify those bearing the familiar names of Rogers, Leonard, Morrison, Holmes, Norton, etc. As to the whereabouts of Master Murray, Mlle. Angela, Miss Marie, Lyons, Watson, Dinger, Gainer, Miss Heywood, Miss Mack, and Miss Broadley (daughter of the "old woman" for many years at the Bowery and Chatham Theatres), no doubt Mr. George A. Beane can enlighten us, and may, since all that is necessary for our purpose is to know whether they are on or off the stage. J. H. Allen, underlined, is in England, and Ada Clifton left here two months ago for Germany. That was her first appearance on the stage, and Allen's first at the National.

CHARLES R. THORNE JR. AND THE DUCKS.(?)

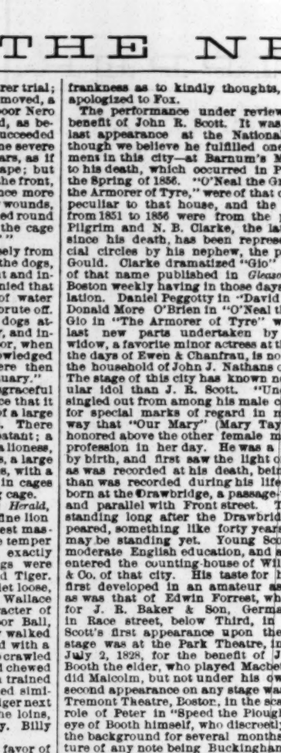
The Oakland (Cal.) *Democrat* gave the following account of this popular actor's luck while duck-hunting recently:

The many admirers of Charles R. Thorne Jr., in his wonderful impersonation of the serf Osip in "Les Danicheffs," would have recognized his manly form, set off by a hunting costume of the latest fashion, stealthily stalking about the Alameda marshes, with a gun over his shoulder and a dog at his heels. Mr. Thorne is not only a great actor, but also a "mighty hunter before the Lord;" and hearing that there was good duck-shooting to be had at Alameda, he borrowed a dog, and, accompanied by a friend, came over yesterday afternoon to try his luck. First the two sportsmen kept together on the marshes, but the ducks did not seem to be around. Mr. Thorne suggested that they should separate, and see if they couldn't do better. Accordingly Mr. Thorne, accompanied by his dog, struck out for the beach. Coming suddenly round a clump of rushes, the great actor stopped suddenly, with his eyes fixed upon a group of birds floating quietly in the shallow water. "The California duck!" exclaimed Mr. Thorne, in tones of suppressed delight, creeping gradually to get within range. "I've heard," he continued, "that the ornithology of California had never been properly studied. These birds are not exactly like the genus ducks in other countries, but still I can recognize the species." Just then several of the birds arose and wheeled slowly up. Mr. Thorne is a good shot, and four of them fell to his right and left barrels. To his surprise, however, his dog manifested no interest in the proceedings, but calmly sat down and gazed reflectively into vacancy. Nor would any persuasion induce him to fetch the game. Finally Thorne, determined not to lose his first California ducks, waded into the water and brought them out himself. When the dog saw this, he began to appreciate the situation and gave himself up to uncontrollable mirth. After Thorne had more than filled his game-bag, he ran across his companion. "What sport?" he inquired. "Only one," was the somewhat disconsolate answer. "Look in my bag," said Thorne triumphantly; "I shot twenty-two." As Thorne proudly displayed his slaughtered innocents, a gentle smile rippled over his friend's countenance, and he remarked in a loud tone: "Seagulls, by the living jingo!" The expression that came over Thorne's face must be imagined, for it cannot be described. Suffice it to say that his bag was hurriedly emptied, and that Thorne got aboard the next boat for San Francisco.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.



THE MILL WILL NEVER GRIND AGAIN.

AS RECITED BY GEO. S. KNIGHT.

Listen to the water-mill, all the live-long day—
How the creaking of the wheels wears the hours away!
Languidly the water glides, useless on, and still,
Never coming back again to that water-mill;
And a proverb haunts my mind, as the spell is cast—
The mill will never grind again with the water that has passed.

Take the lesson to yourself, loving heart and true;
Golden years are passing by, youth is passing too—
Try to make the most of life, lose no honest way;
All that you can call your own lies in this, *To-day*.
Power, intellect and strength, may not, can not last—
The mill will never grind again with the water that has passed.

Oh, the wasted hours of life, that have flitted by!
Oh, the good we might have done—lost without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved with a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned, perishing unheard!
Take the lesson home to your heart—take, oh, hold it fast!
The mill will never grind again with the water that has passed.

WHEN WILL MY MAMMA COME BACK?

DEDICATED TO JOHN RAPIER BY WILL H. PIRRONG.

Dear sister, I'm growing so weary,
With weeping my eyelids are sore,
Oh, won't you please tell me the secret—
Will mamma come back any more?
You told me she'd come to me often.
But long since she left now it seems;
I have waited, and watched for her, sister us,
And that was last night in my dreams.

Chorus.—Dear sister, I'm growing so weary—
To keep up, the courage I lack;
Then won't you, please, answer my question—
Oh! when will my mamma come back?

Canton, O.

Don't you remember, dear sister,
The last words poor papa did say?
He said: "If you'll be kind to the poor
I'll meet you in heaven some day."
Is that where papa's gone to, dear sister?
If so, tell me ere 'tis too late;
For I think I am going to heaven—
Will they meet me up there at the gate?

Chorus.—Dear sister, I'm growing so weary—
To keep up, the courage I lack;
Then won't you, please, answer my question—
Oh! when will my mamma come back?

IN CHARLESTON, S. C., IN 1803.

The theatre at this time was under the management of Alexander Placide, who played the Clown in the pantomime referred to in the annexed copy of an advertisement in the official journal of the period. Charles E. Whitelock, prior to coming to America, had managed several provincial theatres in conjunction with the celebrated Munden, in England; he made his debut in this city in the John-street Theatre Sept. 2, 1797; managed the Boston (Mass.) Theatre in 1800; returned to England in 1812, and died there some years after. Mr. West was a vocalist and walking gentleman who never attained much prominence. Mr. Cromwell died in Philadelphia many years ago. Mr. Hodgkinson died in Washington, D. C., Sept. 7th, 1805. Mr. Marshall retired from the stage here in 1810. Mr. Dykes, after 1819, became one of the pioneers of the drama in the West. Mrs. Placide was a daughter of Mrs. Pownall, and the second wife of Alexander Placide. She died in Philadelphia in 1823. Her daughter, Mrs. W. R. Blake, is still living in retirement at Long Branch, N. J. Mrs. Elizabeth Whitelock was a daughter of Roger Kemble, and consequently a sister of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons—she died in England in 1835. Mrs. Brett was the mother of Mrs. Hodgkinson, and she retired from the stage during this season. Matthew Sully died in Augusta, in 1812. Mr. Turnbull was the father of Julia Turnbull, the well-known dancer. Alexander Placide died here in 1812. Attention is directed to the resolution of the proprietors of the theatre regarding smoking.

CHARLESTON THEATRE.

On Friday, Dec. 16, 1803,

will be presented (by particular desire) the celebrated play of

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

Mr. Strickland.....	Mr. Whitelock
Frankly.....	Mr. West
Mr. Cromwell	Servant to Mr. Strickland
Ranger.....	Mr. Hodgkinson
Jack Maggot.....	Mr. Marshall
Torlough.....	Mr. Turnbull
Tester.....	Mr. Dykes
Mr. Sully	Master Douglas
Mrs. Strickland	Mrs. Placide
Clarinda.....	Mrs. Whitelock
Jesintha.....	Miss Field
Lucetta.....	Mrs. Brett
Lucy.....	Miss Fisher
Mrs. Sully	Mrs. Stuart

To which will be added the grand pantomime of

CARMANDELTH, OR, THE GLADIATOR.

Harlequin.....	Mr. Sully
Old Man.....	Mr. Hughes
Lover.....	Mr. West
Miss Field	Miss Pindar
Waiter.....	Master Douglas
Stonecutter.....	Mr. Charnock
Columbine.....	Mrs. Placide
Pantolina.....	Mrs. Turnbull

The pantomime will commence with a grand procession, which took place in Charleston on the 2d day of June, 1788.

The whole to conclude with the grand federal procession, which took place in Charleston on the 21st day of June, 1788.

N. B.—The curtain to rise precisely at seven o'clock.

No admittance for people of color.

There will be no admittance at the entrance of the theatre—one to admit, the other to go out of.

CHARLESTON CHARTERE.

At a general meeting of the proprietors of the theatre, held at the Carolina Coffee house, the 9th instant, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: *Resolved*, That the manager of the theatre be requested to use all possible endeavors to prevent the unprecedented and indelicate practice of smoking in the theatre during the time the audience are assembled; and to that end, if any person, being requested to desist, should still persevere in such practice, the manager, or any of the performers, do forthwith suspend the performance and appeal to the audience; and the manager employ a proper number to inspect the house, and to report immediately to him any instance of smoking, and of any other disorderly conduct in any part of the house, that the proprietors will support him therein. Extract from the minutes.

W. P. YOUNG, Secretary

November 12.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Jan. 14.

LADIES' LIST.

Alleyne, Kittie
Allen, Mrs. J.
Allen, Mrs. B.
Annetta, Mlle. (vocalist)
Allen, Ricca
Beaumont, Nellie (3)
Beaumont, Stella (5)
Bartello, Carrie (2)
Baker, Mrs. A. F.
Byron, Lizzie
Brown, Fannie
Bradley, Leanora
Burdick, Dora M.
Belmont, Miss L. (6c.
Blande, Edith
Bridges, Nora (vocalist)
Barnard, Mollie
Clifford, Ada
Collins, Kate
Clark, Lillian (of K. Charton's Co.) (2)
Coleman, Alice A (2)
Cole, Lena
Cavalla, Octavia
Douglas, Kate
Perey
Delmer, Emily (of "Kerry Gow" Co.)
De Stellins, Alice
De Forrest, Gussie
Davis, Laura (nee Adams)
Delmay, Lu-lu
Duvall, Rosalie (2)
Dickinson, Anna
Durrin, Belle
Duncan, Hettie
Doyle, Minnie
Elmore, Annie (vocalist)
Forrester, Nellie (vocalist)
Finke, Marian
Godfrey, Mattie (2)
Grinell Children
Gardener, Ida
Grant, Ethel
Graham, Tillie
Godfrey, Martha (late of M. Y.)
Grant, Lottie (vocalist)
Grant, Lottie
Howard, May
Howard, Minnie (not of Thomp. Co.)
Hallett, Alta
Hamblin, Con stance
Howard, Ivy
Haldee, Portia
Howard, Adah M.
Herndon, Agnes
Hindes, Josephine (6c.
Herbert, Florence
Harrison, Laura V.
Holcombe, Marian
Hays, Sallie
Hastings, Kate
Herd Sisters
Herd, Celia
Johnson, Mary E.
Jordan, Constance
Hamblin-
Kent, Fannie
Kneass, Mrs. Nelson (2)
Kimberley, Bessie (2)
Kennedy, Mrs. Harry
Kellogg, Alice
Lawton, Ella (2)
Linden, Lillie
Lawton, Minnie
Livingston, Mrs. A
Little Lottie
Lee, Lizzie
Morgan, Etta (with Barrett's Family) (2)
Mortimer, Ada
Miranda, Lotta
Martell, Mrs. (2)
Moore, Clara
McGill, Mrs. Sadie
Manning, Mrs.
Markham, Pauline

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, J. (with Allen Sisters)
Andreas, C. (illusionist)
Atwood, C. (of Maggie Moore's Co.)
Atiner, H. P.
Ames, Emil
Adams, Yank
Arnoldo, Mayaso
Ashley, Prof. E.
Aldrich, A. H.
Aymar, W. T.
Almonte, Jas.
Benton, Chas.
Barlow, M. G.
Blossom, Nat
Barnum, Edward
Binet, Walter
Bell, Frank
Bloodgood, Harry
Blackford, James
Basham, Harry (Evangeline Co.
Beler, Frank
Brink, E. H.
Brown, W. B. (2)
Blaisdell, J. (of B. Campbell's Co.)
Bennett, Harry (comedian)
Baley, A. C.
Berger, Fred.
Bowron, W. L.
Bennet, C. W.
Bushnell, D. (rope walker)
Burnham, Chas.
Blaisdell, W. S.
Buffalo Bill Combination
Brooks, Ellis
Boyd, Chas.
Barnum, P. T.
Buckley, John
Benedict, Jake (2)
Burke, E. (of Mc Vicker & Burke)
Brown, J. (of Kendall & Co.)
Booth, Edwin (2)
Buckley, Johnny
Bent, Arthur
Barnum, Henry
Clifford, Frank
Cole, W. W. (4)
Cordelia, Mlle. (2)
Clark, Mr. (of Emmerson & Clark)
Coleman, W. Emmett
"Continental 4"
Cooper & Bailey
Crossley & Elder
Cooke, Prof. H.
Carlton, F. L.
Charles, J. M. (of Mayo's Co.)
Cotton, Ben
Cissell, Jules
Cooke, Prof. H.
Carlton, F. L.
Charles, J. M. (of Mayo's Co.)
Cotton, Ben
Carlisle, Waverly
Cooke, J. H.
Carson, Jr., Kit
Clayton, Frank
Carcella & Victor
Cambridge, A. G.
Collins, Jas. (comedian)
Cavella, Harry
Chadwick, B. C.
Cooke, J. H.
Cain, Wm.
Childs, Geo.
Carrier, Chas. P.
Cummings & Hines
Dares, Ike
Dykeman, Edward
Davenport, Geo. C.
De Bar, E. E.
D'Ormer, Mons.
Devere, Wm.
Delehanty & Hengler
Dockrill, R. H.
De King & Olympia
Dibdoo, — (fireking)
Ducrow, Geo.
De Forest, Frank (Dutch "Pete")
Dupree, Chas. H. (2)
Devlin, Jas. A. (late of Louisville)
Daly, Augustin
Duncan E. H. (late of Newton's Van)
Deutsch, Wm. R
Dodge, Ben
Dare, Mr.
Emidy, Richd. (2)
Eugene, Master
Evans, F. J. (of H. Abbey Co.)
Emmet, J. K. (2)
Emerson, Billy
Farren, G. W.
Fontaine, Will
Failing, E. R.
Forrester, Bruce
Fawcett, Owen
Fowler, T. B.
Friedley, J.
Fleury, Fernando
Forepaugh, Adam (3)
Frost, Hyatt
Fuch, Tim (of Cole's Circus)
Fuller, Hugh H. (2)
Florence, Wm. J.
Fox, Jos. (at Dup & Ben. Min.)
Fraser, Robt. (2)
Fitzgerald, Richd.
Faustin, M.
Grover, A. H. (2)
Gibbons & Russell
Gill, Willie
Graham, Frank
Gilbert, John
Gallagher, Jas.
Gardner, Jas. (cloger)
Graham, J. (of Healy's Co.)
Geyer, Albert (2)
Garlick, Joe
Gorman Bros.
Gardiner, E. (of Mayo's Co.) (4)
Gorman, E. J. (2)
Gilbert, Wm.
Gilbert, John
Gayler, Chas.
Great Am. Printing Co.
Guy Family
Hughs, Nick
Hauser, Jos.
Hutchinson, Jas L. (2)
Harrigan & Hart
Holbrook, Jas.
Halleck, J. E.
Hammond, John
Heeker, Chas. F.
Hyatt, Frank
Hasson, Billy
Howe, Den
Huber, Fred
Hutchinson, J. (of Howe's Circus)
Healy, Dr. J. E. (2)
Heywood Bros. Comb.
Hudson, H. (of Barrett's Co.)
Hennessey, Frank
Howard, Billy (circus "biz")
Hayle, Billy
Hadden, W. R.
Hickey, J. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Heywood, Joel
Heywood, Jas.
Heywood, Wm. (2)
Irving, Harry
Jerome & Cameron
Jackson, Arthur
Justice, Jno. (circus manager)
Jefferson's Co.
Jefferson, Jos. (2)
Judson, E. Z. C.
Jones, Jule
Keish, F. M. (agent)
Kine, Jas.
Kerrigan, Mr. (of Conway & Kerr.)
Leslie, Jas. (comedian)
Loomis, H. T.
Loder, C. A.
Leon, A. C.
Leonard, W. (of Cole's Circus)
Langdon, W. H.
Linden, Prof. Fred
Lindley, Harry
Laudis, Mr. & Mrs.
Lovenburg Family
Lambert, Edwin
Jefferson, Prof. T.
Lamb, Frank
Jones, Chas. A.
Kennedy, Harry
Sanders, Charlie
Keebs, Alf.
Lane, Joan R.
Lennox, Geo. H.
Lewis, Thos.
Lambrite, John
Lampman, E. P.
Locke, Yankee
Lufond, R. H.
Lingham, M. V.
Magner, D.
Manager of Country Ro. Co.
Moss, Johnny
Moore, Geo. F.
Mulrooney, Jas.
Morris, Dan
McNulty, Barney
Moak, J. A.
Mcdullough, —(of Dutch Comedy)
Manager of Metropolitan Circus
Martinetti, Harry
Mack, Frank
Mann, Harry
Mack, Wm.
McCarthy, J. (late with Barrin Bros.)
Manager, Frisk
Manager, Domino Co.
Murphy, J. (of Murphy & Mack)
Mosely, M. A.
Mack, Wm.
Mudge, H. T.
Martin, Sam (song-and-dance) (2)
MacEvoy, W. S.
Mayo, Frank
McGlennon, Prof. C. W.
Mace, C. (of Mullen & Magee) (2)
Mordaunt, Frank
Musb, Rel
Mossinger
Morosco, Walter
Morris, Chas. A.
McVeigh, John
McCollom, J. C.
Morrisey, Starr
Maxwell, Geo. H
Mullen, J. (of Mullen & Magee) &c.
Morris, Myles
Merredith, Geo.
McDonald, Jas. (of West)
Mitchell, W. H. (of Rentz's Minst.)
Mauritius, Wm.

THERE ARE LETTERS addressed to Milton (Mich.) Post-office for Singleton Sing, King, singer of Northville; Jesse Thompson of Waite Combination, and Prof. W. L. Harrington, magician.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Jan. 14, '78.

Second Monday after New-Year's, and the week is to be made memorable, we trust, by the beneficent results of the complimentary benefit tendered to "Everybody's Friend," the ever-genial John Brougham. In our City Summary, this issue, full particulars of the ceremonies incidental to the testimonial will be found, and a greater array of talent, combined to take part in a theatrical performance, we venture to say, has no place in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. The offer of the benefit was made a few weeks ago, and the names of some of our most prominent citizens and citizenesses were appended to the same; but names are of little weight when compared with acts, and to the presence, and influence, and acts of the players will the success of the testimonial largely be due. If all John's friends could be present at the benefit, all the theatres in this city would fail to hold them. Let those who can, prove themselves to be friends indeed to a friend in need.

TO BROUGHAM

Since the famed London novelist lends you his aid,
And you in the city live here, John,
For your monster of benefits there are arrayed
At present a *few*—and a *near*—John
.....'Little Billy Birch of the San Francisco Minstrels, has awakened the bards of St. Louis, Mo., one of whom has just ushered into existence a sweet and touchingly pathetic ballad, entitled "Trim the Lampwick Gently, Sister," while another has composed "Put More Butter on the Codfish." It will be seen that both efforts run to grease! .....When the mysterious disappearance of Prof. Frye was made known to the members of his opera company, all hands got in a terrible stew, and but for the return of the missing one in 2-4 time an imbrolio might have resulted. (This is a rare and well-done bit of innocent pleasantry.—Eb.).....They are going to have a pigeon show at the Aquarium. Is this giving the fishes a fair show, seeing that they built up the place? There is something about the announcement which gives us a good deal of uneasiness—it says that the *entries* are to be *closed* at Sing Sing. Are the pigeons to be plucked there? We confess that the project has anything but a dove-like appearance. And yet we may be wrong. We'll see anon!.....Lester Wallack makes his re-entree to-night at his own theatre as Alfred Evergreen. Will say the son of his lamented brother, the "Awful Dad" long be preserved in his "Evergreen" condition.....In place of that beautiful appeal, "Mother, may I go in to swim?" once so popular with the Fair Maids of Perth—Amboy, the maternal heart is now made glad by the inspiriting refrain: "Mother, may I go out to skeet?".....Charles Foster's "Saved at Seven" is a success, so far as Mr. Foster is concerned; but brother Tilden takes no stock in such devices, for he four at seven—up in the Commissioners' room at Washington.....Notwithstanding the general depression in the show business, it is noticeable that many variety theatres throughout the country have done, and continue to do, a very lively trade, the dollar of our daddies coming in with alacrity in exchange for the notes of our sons and daughters. The variety theatre is ever changing—the manager does not wait until the public have become surfeited with one act, but he gives something new and enjoyable every week, each number being interpreted by some fresh artist of ability; and in this way variety stars are flying across the theatrical firmament in every direction, and keeping the mill a-going right merrily. The public require change, and they willingly patronize such establishments as show enterprise and energy in catering for their entertainment. There is the right sort of come and "go" in our variety friends, and they are making praiseworthy efforts to successfully compete with the "legitimists," as they say in France. And here we desire to present a verse of home-brewed poetry in honor of

THE VARIETY SHOW

Performances at the variety shows
(At least an attendant so states)
Are never so heavy as theatres are,
Because they don't have any "*waits*."

.....Were the deceased Colley Cibber now alive, or could he be resurrected long enough to take in the new version of "Richard III," presented last week at Booth's, how truthfully might he exclaim:

Now is the *Winter* of our discontent

Made inglorious somewhere by this son of *York*, etc.

Having reference to Wm. Winter of *The Tribune*, whose eliminations and emendations threaten to end the long reign of Cibber and his works.—Ed.)

.....And yet it was in the same theatre where "Sula" and the other female court-cards came very near being court-carded out of sight, owing to an extravagance of language and a meagreness of costume not consistent with the wants and desires of church-people. To be sure, "The Black Crook," with its coryphees and demons and devils and angels, held all New York spellbound for a long time; yet there was a certain get-up-ed-ness and brilliancy and naturalness about the "Crook" "which they upon the adverse ("Sula") faction want." And yet, even in "The Black Crook," the stage-hands "raise hell" wherever it is produced. [*That* aint wicked, is it? We're quite right in what we say, and mean no offense whatever. Don't they pull up the "Pandemonium" drop in the last act? Eh?].....It is no wonder that the successful manager ejaculates: "Well, *bless* my *stars!*".....And Messrs. Poole & Donnelly are very happy just now in the possession of a star who, with all his egotism and questionable "adaptability," draws like a draught-horse, and that at fifty cents each for choice seats in that beautiful establishment the Grand Opera-house—the house that Pike built. A Celtic friend of ours, who, being an author himself, is a great admirer of the greater Boucicault, desires through the medium of our invaluable paper to give expression to his views in a few choice lines concerning

THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

"The Shaughraun" here, wid Bouicault,
Flays, in a new *serial* form,
Bedad, there's so much in the play,
Ye can't help but *ad Mopa!*

.....And while we are speaking, or writing, rather, in a foreign dialect, our French editor, envious of the success of Boucicault, has written to "The Man from Tipperary," desires to say that the opera of "Orphee" is considered quite *au fait*, to which "Our Jim," in his peculiar United States language, responds by saying: "Aint you a little *off, hey?*".....A story is going the rounds to the effect that Mme. Pappenheim's husband, while in Memphis, ordered a jam-up supper for twenty-seven, meaning the number present, but the man who keeps the place took a different view of it, and actually served up twenty-seven suppers, composed of the best victuals the Memphis market could afford. We are told that Pappenheim had to foot the bill, although he would sooner have footed the waiter who took the order. Maybe it was this unintended evidence of gluttony that caused the sudden and mysterious departure of Pappenheim's business manager, Freyer....They say that "Blind Tom's" *real* name is Thomas Green Bethune. To speak in Irish language, we might say, bechune us, that to hear colored Thomas play the piano you wouldn't think there was anything green about him.....Wonder how Fanny Davenport's nose is? We haven't had any definite information on the subject since a boy injured it a few weeks ago. Who knows how her nose is?.....In this we interviewed the dried man in the museum the other day. He is not usually communicative with strangers, but we succeeded in drawing him out. He told us something about the amusements they used to have in Mexico three hundred years ago, and it seems that our friend was himself a theatrical manager. He was also a lecturer, and in his later days traveled as the "blower" of a side-show. "But one day," he continued, "when I was talking my prettiest, there was a reformer from Boston—she wore petticoats—came up and opened on me. I thought I was somewhat on the talk myself, but that woman—well, when that woman came around I dried up!" (Where is dry humor in this?—ED.).....And talking about lecturers, we have a small bone to pick with De Cordova, who appeared in Chickering Hall Saturday night. This gentleman brazenly announced that he would tell all about "Mrs. Fizzlebury's New Girl." If Mrs. Fizzlebury has a girl—a girl that is new—it is not a subject about which Mr. De Cordova should know too much. The gentleman interested in, as all evening, ought to be, Mr. Fizzlebury. Let De Cordova can over, this. A great moral truth is here contained, and it may awaken a chord overlooked heretofore. [Explanation.—Read rapidly so as to make "chord overlooked." "Cordova-looked."].....By way of striking a new chord—did you observe that one of the variety houses has taken to advertising "Temptation," with an accentuation point? Yes, and that will call it a "spicy sensation." We suppose the spice comes in by way of *Sinerman*, or possibly to meet the demand of the *thyme*.....Salvini tells how he stabbed himself once, and was so lost in his character that, although the dagger came within half an inch of his heart, he was unconscious of the injury until after the play. That's nothing. A recent rehypothecary, who had also lost his character, stabbed himself straight through the heart, and he is unconscious up to the present writing.... A thousand times! That's the precise number of representations given by John T. Raymond in Col. Sellers, up to Friday last at midnight. Commendative of this statement, and while we are yet running our risks on "Risks"—which is promised for to-night—let us lay before you in verse

THE THOUSANDTH TIME.

A thousand times has Col. Sellers
Been brought to us from Lancaster, Pa.,
To city and to country dwellers—
And still the turnip-feast he scans;
A thousand times he's won applause
('Tis rumored he fails to win it),
And having played a thousand times,
He still believes "there's millions in it!"

.....It's all very well for Mr. Sothern to go round the country trying to make people believe that Gen. McClellan is his father; but one of these days he may run against Little Mac, and then—well, then there may be a very badly crushed tragedian!....Since we introduced the "introductory" this week with a reference to the Brougham benefit, we don't know that we can do better than to conclude with a second shot at the same target. But as we don't propose to repeat ourselves, you, no! Before we indulged in one of our little epigrams, for which are famous; now we will give you something in Byronic verse, but very much better than Byron in sentiment:

TO JOHN BROUGHAM.

A health to him whose genial, gracious ways
Have won the love of every one of us who know 'em,
Whose name is never spoken but to praise,
Whose varied talents, when he cares to show 'em,
Are brilliant as the sun's unclouded rays;
A health to you, my friend, John Brougham.
The actor, author, poet, but first, the man,
At heart, if not by birth, American
What rare companionship is his in found,
What wit, what humor, wit which does not sting;
By friendship's bonds so long he has been bound,
The very word has grown a sacred thing,
None have made his name renowned,
Though round him many laurels does she fling,
But we, who look behind the footlight's glamour
May see the beauties of his life's broad drama.
So now, my friend, with sincerity,
Of making some return for bygone favors,
Let open-handed generosity
(The rarest sauce which human nature flavors),
Let this be done, and then be—
The dollars spent of friendship's cause will savor,
And on no worthier waters can you throw 'em
Than for the benefit of rare John Brougham!

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

The funeral of Mrs. Sidney Wilkins took place on Jan. 8 —not from "The Little Church Around the Corner," but from the top floor of the rear of 247 Stanton street. The stage of which she had been an ornament was represented by a solitary ex-actor, Harry Cunningham. No "active professionals" were present, save four property-men.....Mrs. Mehitable, widow of Eli Gilman, who was owner of Gilman Hall, Hartford, Ct., died at her residence in Temple street, that city, on Jan. 4. She was eighty years old.

.....Week before last, according to a Chicago exchange, a hotel-register in that city disclosed the following: "Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Coombs, of fourteen years ago." Mr. D. A. Brown married a charming actress. Is he dead, or has he become Mr. Coombs?.....The widow of Thadeus W. Meighan, playwright, Union soldier, newspaper paragraphist, and business manager of two theatres in this city, died on Jan. 8 at her residence, 310 S. Third street, Williamsburg, L. I. She was forty-five years old, and, we grieve to have to add, had to be buried by subscription. She left neither money nor coal in the house, but she did leave nine young children. The youngest was born three months after its father's death. One of the orphans is named after Frank S. Chanfrau.....Hon. Schuyler Colfax is to lecture in this city on Jan. 28. Subject: Abraham Lincoln. Object: To aid in erecting a monument to John A. Kennedy, who as Police-superintendent aided Lincoln to reach Washington in the Spring of 1861.....Signor Della Rosa has made a brilliant debut in Italy as an operatic baritone. Sound the tom-tom, shake the dry bones! Negro minstrelsy has its thirty-first year of life done much towards fostering opera. Do any of our readers remember when the signor was a balladist in a minstrel troupe in this city? Our memory sometimes assists us, and we think the ballad-ist's professional name was not then Signor Della Rosa. It was not even Richard Coker.....Henry Wilson, lately organist of Park Church, Hartford, Ct., died in that city on Jan. 8. He had acquired no little repute in musical circles, and had for many years been organist of Christ Church, in the same city.....McKee Rankin and Harry Meredith have more to answer for. A story comes to us from Lancaster, Pa., which, we trust, has been exaggerated. As "The Shaughraun" Company were about leaving Lancaster at noon on the 4th inst., John A. Mackay (Conn.) attempted to jump aboard the inconing train, but failed. When the train stopped he attempted to enter a car against the protest of the conductor, who desired that the passengers about getting off should be hindered. Mackay thereupon cursed the conductor. Later the conductor was entrapped under the pledge that there should be no further trouble, and, while a guard from among Mackay's associates stood at either platform of a car, the official was set upon by Mackay and others, and "found himself battered beyond recognition." One of the guards, his humanity overcoming his ideas of duty, at last permitted the conductor to escape. Such is the story. If it cannot be proved untrue, let us at least be told precisely how many actors it takes to "lick" one railroad conductor. This one, it is said, had consented to meet Mackay single-handed, as the latter had vowed, after the train should reach its destination. The car conductor will probably give the stage Conn-ductor a wide berth in future.....Capitalists again threaten to rebuild the Brooklyn Theatre.....Opera-bouffe supersedes serious opera at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, the latter having proved itself so grave a matter as to threaten to bury the lessees.....For the first time in many years, William Chippendale, a reminder of the American stage of from thirty-five down to twenty-five years ago, is not connected with any of J. B. Buckstone's companies.....Miss Laura Joyce "parades" Joseph Jefferson with her Lydia Languish in the Washington, D. C., a few nights ago. Apropos of this general professional term indicative of a "hit," a couple of song-and-dance performers, who recently went from here to San Francisco, wrote back: "On the first night we killed the people dead, and we have kept them that way ever since."..... It is proposed to cover the venerable Coliseum, in Rome, with a tin roof without ornamentation, and thus support it in the interior, and utilize it for a world's fair in 1880-81. Scott Russell, the English engineer, estimates the cost at $1,200,000.....Miss Josephine Baker was in this city last week, and left for Cincinnati, en route to Indianapolis, Ind., in the suit brought by Sheridan Shook to restrain the further performance of "Les Danichefs" by other managers. At last accounts, Henry French of this city was in Paris looking out for new Danichefs and other "celebrated cases."..... The Countess Emma Wisgarda de Nicolson, accompanied by her husband, sailed from this port for Bremen, Germany, on the 12th. The lady had been of the opera troupe in Havana, Cuba.....Signor Ferranti arrived in this city on the same date, and lodged himself at the Union-square Hotel.....Miss Carlotta Leclercq, now at rest, will resume her starring tour in February. In August next, as she announces, she will revisit this country, and bring John Nelson with her in all probability.....The "Old Boy" has had possession of the Adelphi, London, o' mornings, since Dec. 21, and he promises to reign until Feb. 9. "The Old Boy" in this instance is but the *nom de guerre* of the author of the new pantomime of "Robin Hood," which is played wholly by children.....Miss Ada Ward, who has been in Australia several months, should ere this have left there for San Francisco. It is her recorded intention to play for three months in the States, and then return to England.....Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bandmann have ceased their labors temporarily.....Charles Lecocq the composer has been seriously ill of bronchitis.....Henry Collard, known to the frequenters of Niblo's Garden, this city, as the "Pocket Sims Reeves," is now an aid-rand abetter of amateur performances in London.....M. Lamoureux has for the first time assumed the position of musical conductor at the Opera, Paris, in which city "L'Africaine" has, under his baton, been revived for the first time since 1873, as the story goes.....M. Tresse, who succeeded his father, a well-known theatrical publisher in Paris, has died at the age of twenty-three years. The Parisian necropolis has also found accessions in Mlle. Adeline Merand, of late a member of the Vaudeville company, and who was but three years older than Tresse; in M. Du Rocher, musical conductor, and in M. Chevillard, professor of the violoncello at the Conservatory.....Mlle. De Belocca has arrived at Madrid.....The Paris Opera-house last year yielded its lessee a profit of more than $130,000.....Adeline Patti warbled in Florence, Italy, on Dec. 29.....J. C. Fryer, of whom it was feared that he might "turn up" in part only, turned up entirely on the 11th inst., in Louisville, Ky., whence he had mysteriously departed on the 5th. The announcement that Mme. Pappenheim and C. R. Adams had dissolved the copartnership of Pappenheim & Adams' combination have drawn him from his retirement in Nashville, Tenn.....Detective Schmittsburger of the Thirtieth-street police on Jan. 12 returned from Philadelphia, with Frederic Blums, an alleged actor, on a charge of defalcation. It has the temerity to add that he swindled Joseph W. Homer, theatrical costumer, out of three costumes, valued at $60. When Sergeant Westerman asked Blums what he had to say in reply, he replied: "The Crushed Tragedian in the Comedy of Errors." The sergeant thereupon "lurred" him.....Mr. Vallance, long stage-manager of the Gaiety, Glasgow, Scotland, has quit theatrical life, and now is teacher of elocution.....Frederick Dewar, who has played in many American cities, is now at the Haymarket, London; Harry Cox is at the Strand; and J. G. Taylor, of Brooklyn, is at the Gaiety.....Miss Marie Gordon (Mrs. John T. Raymond), who is announced to enact Desdemona at the Academy of Music for the Brougham festimonial, and who has for some time been seriously ill in this city, was on Jan. 13 regarded by her physician as in an improving condition.....Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is credited with having uttered: "I never saw a play in my life. I never played a game of cards. I do not know one card from another. I never went to a horse-race. There are many other things which other people do, but which I never did." On the night of Jan. 10, says a Baltimore paper, he visited the Holliday-street Theatre, in that city, to witness "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But that is not a play. Like "George Barnwell," "Jack Sheppard," and "The Drunkard," it is a "great moral drama."..... Receipt is acknowledged of a note from an old professional relative to an older one, who has recently died. The gist of the communication is that the subscription paper circulated at Wallack's, recently, on behalf of the deceased, have been gotten up, inasmuch as a relative of the deceased has been doing leading business the entire season, and presumptively is in a position to bury her own flesh-and-blood, but is not continually receiving a cent from the paper has past when the remedy for them was in the hands of newspapers. Time will temper the just indignation of the writer of this communication. Were it to be published, or otherwise made public, after having indited it, the brother communication is not of so private a tenor. It is a fresh sample of "Our Oddities:".....

"135 EAST THIRTEENTH STREET, N. Y., March 1st, 1878.

Augustin Daly, Esq.—Dear Sir: Your Cincinnati correspondent gives in to-day's issue the synopsis of a new (?) farcical play, "Our Married Men," presented in that city by Rentz's Augusta Comedy Company, and "Fanchon (her original character), Maggie Mitchell; Father Barbeaud, J. H. Stoddart; Landry Barbeaud, J. W. Collier; Didier, George Becks; Marteau, J. H. Wilder; Mother Fadet, Mrs. J. T. Hind; Father Fadet, Mary Hind.

Trial scene, fourth act, "Merchant of Venice."—Shylock, Edwin Booth; Antonio, John Gilbert; Duke of Venice, John Parselle; Bassanio, C. F. Coghlan; Gratiano, H. J. Montague; Salarino, W. Stuart; Salanio, Frank Polk; Portia, Agnes Booth; Nerissa, Miss Jeffreys Lewis.

Third act of "Monte Cristo."—Edmond Dantes, Charles Fechter; Noirtier, F. B. Warde; Albert De Moncerf, B. T. Ringgold; Fernand, Major Gooseberry; Villefort, W. J. Coggswell; Brigadier, C. D. Bainbridge; Carcaute, Miss Alice Grey.

Balcony-scene from "Romeo and Juliet."—Romeo, W. F. Bartmus; Juliet, Miss Modjeska.

"To Oblige Benson."—Trotter Southdown, Harry Beckett; Mr. Benson, J. W. Shannon; Mr. Meredith, W. A. Eytinge; Mrs. Southdown, Effie Germon; Mrs. Benson, Stella Boniface.

The various bands will be directed by Thomas Baker, Henry Tissington and H. Wannemacher Jr.

THE EVENING PERFORMANCE,

in consideration of its length, will commence at seven o'clock, with Tom Taylor's three-act drama of "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing."—Master Jasper Carew, H. J. Montague; Anne Carew, Miss Ada Dyas. Other characters by Messrs. J. W. Shannon, F. M. Holland, W. J. Leonard, Lewis Varden, W. Gordon, Mme. Ponisi, Effie Germon and Allie Dorrington.

Followed by the first act of the celebrated play of "Jane Eyre." Jane Eyre, Miss Ada Dyas; other characters by Jennie Carroll, Pearl Eytinge, F. Chippendale, T. J. Hind and H. Pearson Jr.

After which Signor Brignoli will sing the Romanza from Flotow's opera of "Martha."

The third act of "Othello."—Othello, John McCullough; Iago, Frank Mayo; Desdemona, Marie Gordon; Cassio, Eben Plympton; Emelia, Rose Coghlan.

Following which will be presented the drama of "Little Em'ly," called "Micawber."—Wilkins Micawber, George F. Rowe; Uriah Heep, F. F. Mackay. Other characters by Messrs. G. Giddens, W. A. Eytinge, Mrs. A. F. Baker, and Mrs. Phillips.

After which the Dagger Scene from Knowles' play of "The Wife."—Julian St. Pierre, Frederic Robinson; Duke Ferrardo, Eben Plympton.

Recitation of "Rocks, Have at Ye."..... Professor Murdoch

The Blind Beggar.....by..... Tom Whiffen

Character Sketches.....by..... Charles Backus

Song and Dance.....by..... Bobby Newhouse

Specialty Acts.....by..... Kernell Brothers

Watson and Ellis and Will H. Morton.

Concluding with "The Toodles."—Tim Toodles, John T. Raymond. Other characters by John McCullough, Frank Mayo, George Fawcett Rowe, W. R. Floyd, D. H. Harkins, W. H. Bailey, Lillie Eldridge and Sidney Cowell.

Costumers, T. W. Lanouette and Harry Seymour. Perruquier, Charles Meltzer.

ALF. BURNETT is to receive a benefit on Thursday evening, at Cooper Institute. He is to give on this occasion his comic lecture of "Woman's Rights," and Miss Nash will appear as the eccentric widow in "Diamond Cut Diamond." Quite a number of artists, musical and dramatic, have volunteered their services.

WILL H. STOWE, John and Lea Peasley, Keating and Sands, Willie Gaylord, the Winner Sisters, Add Ryman, Sam and Carrie Swaine, and Sheehan and Jones were the fresh arrivals at Tony Pastor's Theatre Jan. 7, where the attendance was unusually large. Will H. Stowe sang characteristic songs and made seven distinct changes of costume without leaving the stage, and, later in the evening, introduced his trained dogs, both acts giving satisfaction. A musical sketch called "Mollie's Victory" enabled John and Lea Peasley to display their vocal and terpsichorean abilities to advantage. Keating and Sands, by skilful performances upon a variety of musical instruments, and their grotesque antics, amused their listeners. Willie Gaylord, an excellent contortionist, displays commendable ambition by introducing new and difficult feats, and applause was frequent during his performances. The pretty faces and well-rounded forms of Susie, Annie and Mary Winner lent additional charm to their exquisite warblings, and they responded to three recalls. Add Ryman, who reappeared after a brief absence, elicited frequent and prolonged laughter by his scathing remarks, in burlesque form, upon the peccadilloes of prominent citizens lately holding positions of trust. A novelty was introduced by Carrie Swaine, aided by her partner, Sam Swaine. They performed acrobatic songs-and-dances, Carrie appearing in male attire, with corked face and hands, dancing nimbly, turning handsprings, and giving a variety of other grotesque acrobatic feats, similar to those usually given by like male performers, with much agility. They were liberally applauded, and several times recalled. Sheehan and Jones, in their well-known Irish sketch of "The Ashbox Inspector," created a deal of hilarity. The programme also included songs by Tony Pastor, but on Wednesday, when we were present, a severe attack of hoarseness compelled him to omit several fresh songs, with which he had opened the week, he giving only one entitled "But for Goodness Sake Don't Say I Told You," which scored a success. In response to recalls he gave more familiar efforts, which did not require much strain upon his vocal organs. Master Dunn gave songs-and-dances; Jennie Morgan sang ballads, and later, with her sister Anna, duets; Georgie Kain was heard in serio-comic songs; and the sketches of "No Pay No Cure," "Cats," and "That Husband of Mine" (The Secret) introduced Bob Harrison, Frank Girard, Billy Barry, Jennie Satterlee, Virginia Marshall and others.

THE ATTENDANCE FELL OFF somewhat at the Fifth-avenue Hall during the expired week. Robert and Miss Heller appeared in the same programme which has been given since the opening. Stanley Dust continues as business-manager. E. J. Dale, who assists Mr. Heller on the stage, deserves a word of commendation for careful attention to the stage business. Augment.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN "The Duke's Motto" held the boards and attracted a liberal attendance, the scenery and costumes being rich and appropriate, and the acting even and satisfactory. The drama should have a run.

BUSINESS CONTINUED VERY LARGE at the Grand Opera-house the past week, the only perceptible diminution in the attendance being on Monday, when the house not so densely crowded with persons standing as during the previous week. "The Shaughraun" was the magnet.

MISS KATE MONTROSE (Mrs. John McVeigh) is seriously ill with pneumonia at her resid ence, 41 Bleecker street.

SENTENCED.—Martin Waters and Edward Ferris, who assaulted Charles White, the veteran Ethiopian comedian, on the night of Dec. 20 last, were sentenced in the Court of General Sessions on Jan. 8 to the Penitentiary, each for one year, they having pleaded guilty to a charge of assault and battery.

CHARLES FECHTER is to act Obenreizer in "No Thoroughfare" at the Broadway Theatre the present week, and on Saturday night, when he will close his engagement with a performance of Edmond Dantes in "Monte Cristo."

EMERSON'S CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS are to commence a season in the Olympic Theatre Jan. 14. Billy Emerson is the proprietor and Gus Phillips manager. The prices will be 15, 25, 50 and 75 cents.

THE LAST WEEK of Mr. Boucicault's engagement at the Grand Opera-house will be the present. "The Shaughraun" is to continue the attraction. Samuel Colville's Folly Company is to commence an engagement in "Babes in the Wood" Jan. 21.

MODJESKA is to act in "Camille" during this, the last week of her engagement in the Fifth-avenue Theatre.

MR. AND MRS. PALMER have separated! Hold on, now; don't be too hasty—Jarrett sailed for Europe on Saturday, and Palmer has gone to Arkansas to take in the Hot Springs of—the Winter.

IT IS quite proper that the Abbey should turn his attention to sacred things, and that's why he gave his first sacred concert at the Park Theatre on Sunday evening.

GEORGIE DEAN SPAULDING, W. P. Spaulding, Martha Wren, James Collins, Edwin Byron, Leona and Ella Fontainebleau, Blanche Dixon, Harry and John Kernell, Hilda Thomaso, Minnie and Billy Kaye, Larry Tooley and Emma Brennan are the fresh people at Tony Pastor's this week.

W. J. LEMOYNE, W. C. Kelly, J. Weaver, the Misses Minnie Palmer, Agnes Elliott, Marian Taylor and Etta Lewis join the company at the Park Theatre Jan. 14.

MISS CLARA MORRIS is to commence an engagement at the Broadway Theatre Jan. 21. From this we infer that possibly she will not play at the Grand Opera-house this season.

AT THE AMERICAN THEATRE the fresh attractions offered this week include Little Rosebud, Jeffreys and Coyle, Nellie and Billy Hassan, Lizzie and Billy Lanning, and Prof. Parker and his dogs.

GEORGE CLARKE is to make his first appearance in America, since his return from England, at the Fifth-avenue Theatre Jan. 28, and on that date James Lewis and Katharine Rogers are to be added to the company.

HENRY C. JARRETT sailed for England in the steamship Britannic Jan. 12, to arrange for the production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in London.

ROBERT HELLER had a sudden and somewhat serious attack of illness on Thursday night last in his apartments in the Fifth-avenue Hotel. Stanley Dust, his business-manager, called upon him a short time before the hour of commencing the evening performance, and found Mr. Heller upon the floor of his room in a comatose condition. The prompt application of friction and stimulants speedily revived him, and he was enabled to go through his entertainment.

BELLE BERRY, one of the principal attractions at Columbia Opera-house, appears this week in the extravaganza of "The Turkish Bathers" and the drama of "The Charms of Love." The olio performances include Frank Davis in Irish songs, etc.; Dick Stewart in Ethiopian specialties; Eva Dobson's serio-comic songs; Daisy Sisters, dancers; Larry Howard's Teutonic vocalisms; and the female statue troupe.

OWING TO ILLNESS Charles Fechter was unable to appear at the Broadway Theatre after Thursday night last, up to which time "Monte Cristo" was the attraction. The theatre was closed Friday night, and at the matinee and night performances of Saturday "Lemona" was the attraction. Considering the limited time for its preparation, the comedy, as a whole, was very well acted, and apparently gave pleasure to those in attendance. The cast was as follows: Jack Perryn, F. B. Warde; Bennie Stark, B. T. Ringgold; Major Gooseberry, C. Leclercq; Lord Loftus, Charles Rockwell; Drummer,

OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER, dated San Francisco, Jan. 6, is as appended: "Baldwin's Theatre is the only house at present presenting the legitimate drama, and the good audiences are composed of the better class of theatre-goers. 'Amos Clark' occupied the boards during the greater part of the week. Chas. R. Thorne Jr.'s acting as Amos Clark was somewhat uneven. In the subdued passages he was the most effective. Henry Edwards was especially engaged to play Sir Robert Clavering, and his acting betrayed a good knowledge of what the niceties of his profession demand. Frank Roche was mechanical and monotonous as Col. Percy Kirke. Maud Harrison was greatly admired for her vigorous personation of Mildred Vaughn. The principal support comprised Chas. Edmonds, Wm. Seymour, Walden Ramsey, Mme. Ivan C. Michels, Mrs. L. E. Seymour, Miss Mortemar, May Wilkes and Bijeu Heron. 'Les Danicheffs' was reproduced 5, 6, 'Led Astray' is billed for Jan. 7.....At the California Theatre 'The Black Crook' will enter upon its third week Jan. 7. The theatre is crowded nightly. 'A Journey to the Moon' will be the next attraction. 'Five Hundred Thousand Devils' is in preparation.....Miss Fanny L. Buckingham commenced an engagement at the Bush-street Theatre Dec. 31 in 'Mazeppa.' Business through the week has not been good. Miss Buckingham's engagement ends Jan. 6, after which the theatre will close for repairs, prior to the appearance of Mme. Rentz's Minstrel Company. Miss Buckingham goes to Oregon.....The Adah Richmond Burlesque Company appeared during the week at Emerson's Opera-house in "Chow-chow" to fair business. Miss Richmond's pleasing person, fine singing and sprightly acting and M. W. Fiske's excellent fooling were the best features of the company. Business was not up to the mark with respect to scenic effects and costumes, and a liberal display of the female leg did much to atone for the absence of other attractions.....Miss Catherine Lewis, English opera-bouffe artist, and sister of Jeffreys Lewis, will make her American debut Jan. 7 as Amy Robsart in the extravaganza entitled 'Kenilworth,' supported by the Richmond company.....'Round the Clock' at the Grand Opera-house will conclude its third and last week Jan. 7. Miss Minnie Walton will appear 8 as Florence Desmond in 'Three Millions of Money.' 'Mazeppa,' with Lulu Delmay in the title-role, is attracting good houses at the Bella Union Theatre. David R. Hawley, the acrial gymnast, and Johnson and Cooper, song-and-dance men, are among the attractions.....At the Adelphi Theatre the allegorical spectacle of 'Santa Claus' continues another week. John Hart, A. C. Moreland and Geo. C. Thompson are the principal people.....W. O. Dale Stevens, equilibrist, Miles. Lorinda Jeal and Julie leave for New York Jan. 6 to fulfill an engagement at Tony Pastor's.....The Richings-Bernard Opera Company was tendered a benefit at Virginia City, Nev., Jan. 3, and presented 'Il Trovatore.' Ilma Di Murska volunteered her services as Leonore. The company sing in Eureka 7.....The Frank Frayne Combination played at San Jose 5.....Fred G. Maeder is writing a play for Frank Frayne."

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Buffalo, N. Y., last week, the Denman Thompson Combination in "Joshua Whitcomb" held the boards Jan. 7, 8, 9, including matinee, drawing fair houses.....R. G. Ingersoll lectured 10. A complimentary benefit by a German amateur company to one of their number 11, and P. K. Howard's benefit 12, 13 closed the week. The last-named drew a slim house, whereas the object—that of relieving actual necessities of an old and faithful member of the Academy companies for several years—should have been more successful. The following volunteers appeared: The Union Cornet Band, the Germania Orchestra, Jessie Boyd, Chas. Worley, Geo. Barnum, May Henning and Nellie McDonald, Milligan and Adams, Behringer and the Coe Sisters. Kate Claxton's Combination in "The Two Orphans" open 14 for one week. Letter of Jan. 13.

THE ARNELL COMEDY COMPANY commenced a two weeks' engagement at the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., Jan. 7, opening in "How Women Love," succeeded 10 by "The Virginian," which held the boards the remainder of the week. Business fair. Den Thompson and company are billed for the week commencing 14.

"THE ICE WITCH" was played eight times during the week ending Jan. 12 at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., to moderate business; thence Syracuse 14, one week.

THE PRINCIPAL theatrical event of the past week in Philadelphia was the first production Jan. 7 of "As You Like It" at the Chestnut-street Theatre, and the debut of William D. Gemmill, one of the lessees of said theatre, in the part of Orlando. Mr. Gemmill's performance presented many points of excellence, his dignified bearing and sound elocution lending material aid, and he was much applauded by an attentive audience. The rest of the cast was effectively sustained, an especial word of praise being due Miss Jane Grover as Rosalind and W. E. Sheridan as Jacques. The comedy was mounted with much care and liberality. "The Lyons Mail" will be revived here Jan. 14, to be followed by "Divorce."

SID C. FRANCE played a week's engagement at the Philadelphia Museum, opening Jan. 7 in his new sensational drama "In the Web." Mr. France, W. Davidge Jr. and Maggie Harold exerted themselves successfully, and "In the Web" proved acceptable to excellent audiences. "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," was repeated at the matinees. Kate Raymond and O. H. Collins commence Jan. 14 in "London Jack," followed Jan. 21 by Alice Newton and Minnie Howell in "Out at Sea." Harry C. Franck's complimentary benefit takes place 23.

T. H. MORRELL of New York made his first appearance before a Philadelphia audience on Jan. 7, at the Walnut-street Theatre, sustaining in a creditable manner the role of Richelieu in Bulwer's play of that title. Attendance very light. F. S. Chanfrau filled an engagement during the remainder of last week, appearing in "The Octoroon," which on the evening of Jan. 10, when "Sam" was presented. Attendance fair. Mr. Sothern commences a two weeks' engagement 14 in "The Crushed Tragedian." "Not Guilty" will be revived 28.

MISS KATE CLAYTON and company appeared at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, in "The Two Orphans," attracting a fair attendance. Miss Lillian Cleves Clark gave an intelligent conception of Henriette. C. A. Stevenson doubled the parts of Pierre and De Vaudrey, and Cleopatra" will be produced Jan. 14, with Miss Rose Eytinge and Geo. C. Boniface in the leading roles, and introducing a ballet-corps led by Mlle. Betty Rigl.

DEATH OF LILY DAVENPORT.—This lady, the second daughter of Mrs. Edward L. Davenport, widow of the distinguished American actor who has so recently been called away, died at the residence of Dr. French, 1,431 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, as a telegram from that city informs us as we are about going to press. She had been lying ill at the Doctor's residence for some weeks, but ten days ago was thought to be convalescent. Her ailment was of a pulmonary nature. She had been unwell ever since Mr. Davenport's funeral in this city, at which, we thought she had come here expressly for that purpose, she was unable to be present. No extended biography of the deceased is possible at the present time. She was born in London, Eng., and came to America late in the Summer of 1854, when E. L. Davenport, after a seven years' professional pilgrimage in Great Britain, returned to this country, accompanied by Miss Fanny Vining, the English actress he had married while abroad. Assuming her mother's maiden name, she made her first appearance on the stage at Wood's Theatre, and in this city. She played in the stock at what was then the Globe Theatre, and also at the Olympic Theatre, about 1867, and later, we think, was at the original Fifth-avenue Theatre, when Mr. Davenport, then the head of, assumed the management of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, she was enrolled under his banner, and there she remained two seasons with credit to herself and satisfaction to the public. She then married Frost Thorn, and retired from the stage. The untimely death of that gentleman, who was among those who were sacrificed by the upsetting of the yacht Mohawk in N. Y. Harbor, on July 20, 1876, left her a widow with two children. It was her intention to return to the stage at the beginning of 1878, and it was announced that she had been engaged by John McCullough for the theatre in San Francisco of which, while still conducting the California, he was lessee for a few weeks early last year. She never returned to the stage, however, but on the half-past ten o'clock on Sunday night, Jan. 13. Besides her two children and her mother, she leaves as mourners four sisters—Fanny, May, Blanche and Florence—and two brothers, Edgar and Harry. Blanche is an operatic vocalist in Italy, and Harry and Edgar and Florence are children.

—Henry Deakin, lessee of the Academy, Milwaukee, Wis., has instituted a libel suit against Judge Cooney of the Municipal Court of that city, in which gentleman appeared remarks not deemed complimentary to the management of that theatre.....Miss Effie Elsler will not at present go to Europe, but will remain in this country. Lawrence P. Barrett had an interview with President Hayes at Washington, D. C., Jan. 10.....It is stated that B. E. Woolf has secured a new play for Wm. Warren Jr. and Miss Ella Weatherby, and that they will travel with it next month.....Edward Greey of Manchester, author of "The Third Kean," "Wesmore, Yet," and "Brown and Williams," stage-manager of the Boston Museum, are finishing a new farcical comedy in four acts. It is entitled "Our College Boys." The following sub-heads of the second act of the piece indicate the locale: Before entering Our College, scene, Lazy Beach, our seashore; time, Summer. Act II.—Freshman year; scene, Charley's room at Mary Turnem's; time, two months after entering Our College. Act III.—Sophomore year; scene, Charley's room in Joseph's; Our College; time, the evening before class day. Act IV.—Senior year; scene, room and balcony of Summer residence overlooking Saratoga Lake; time, the intercollegiate boat-race.....The "Aborn Arms" in preparation at McVicker's, Chicago.

—John Dillon has suddenly ceased to be of the combination of which he was the head-and-front.

MUSICAL.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Philadelphia, Jan. 7, a season of Italian and English opera was opened; "Aida," with Miss Kellogg in the title-role, being the inaugural opera, and being repeated at the matinee Jan. 12. Mlle. Marie Roze, an operatic artist of European celebrity, made her first appearance in America Jan. 8 as Leonora in "La Favorita," and was favorably received. She possesses a pure and sympathetic soprano voice under good cultivation, a handsome face and figure, and considerable dramatic ability. The favorable impression then created was heightened by her excellent singing and acting as Marguerite in "Faust," Jan. 10. "Mignon" was given Jan. 9, and the second act of that opera and "Bohemian Girl" constituted the programme for the benefit of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg Jan. 11. Mlle. Roze appearing as Mignon on this occasion. The season terminated Jan. 14 with a performance of "Il Trovatore."

MARK HASSLER'S fifth orchestral matinee was given Jan. 12 at St. George's Hall, Philadelphia, Mme. Logeveno, a contralto, thereby her first appearance in that city.....The Hutchinson Family—"Tribe of Judson"—gave their old-time concerts at Concert Hall, on the afternoon and evening of Jan. 12; the "Tribe of Asa" announce that they will return to Philadelphia Jan. 21, to fill engagements in churches and societies.....The Braban Family of Swiss Bellringers will commence a season at Concert Hall Jan. 14.....W. J. Boehm, pianist, will give a concert Jan. 17 at St. George's Hall.

THE BERGER FAMILY TROUPE will be in Knoxville, Tenn., Jan. 14, 15, Atlanta 16, 17, Charlotte, N. C., 19, Columbia, S. C., 21, Sumter 22, Camden 23, Wilmington, N. C., 24. This company, after returning from Havana recently, gave five entertainments at Key West, Fla., with fine success, the receipts reaching nearly $3,000. Says a correspondent: "They gave forty-one concerts in Cuba, eighteen of which were given in Havana."

"SUNDAY NIGHT WHEN THE PARLOR'S FULL," and many others of the new song issues, can be obtained at Spear & Dehnhoff's advertised address.

LEW JOHNSON'S TENNESSEE JUBILEE SINGERS performed in Whitehall, Ill., Jan. 11, 12, and are to sing in St. Louis, Mo., one week commencing Jan. 13.

F. RICHARD, trombone player, advertises for an engagement with a circus band.

GEO. A. FLORANCE, leader of orchestra and brass, and Mrs. Florance as soubrette, juvenile parts or character old women, pianist in orchestra, or as a serio-comic and character vocalist, can be engaged after March 1. See card.

GEORGE C. DOBSON publishes a card explaining contents of his "Star Instructor for the Banjo."

FREDERICK BLUME publishes a number of the most popular songs. See advertisement.

SAM K. HODGDIN'S PARLOR CONCERT COMPANY is billed to perform in Kennebunk, Ill., Jan. 15. This party has been recently organized, and consists of Lillian Clare, solo violinist; Hattie M. Littlefield, soprano; Chas. F. Knight, dialect artist; Prof. R. H. Phippen, pianist; and Sam K. Hodgdin, humorist and mimic.

MUSICIANS are wanted for D. W. Stone's musical organization. See J. A. Emidy's card.

RICE'S "EVANGELINE" COMBINATION performed in Charleston, S. C., Jan. 7, 8, 9, 10, and are billed in Wilmington, N. C., 14, 15, Norfolk, Va., 16, 17, Richmond 18, 19....Janauschek opens in Charleston 14.

THE DIME BANJO MUSIC COMPANY'S publications are advertised elsewhere.

HARDING'S NEW musical publications are advertised in this issue.

MME. MODJESKA, whose success in San Francisco and New York has been chronicled in our columns, can be engaged for vacant dates through her manager, H. J. Sargent, who publishes a list of her engagements and further particulars in our advertising department.

"SERAPHINE," with Mrs. Rachel Macauley in the title-role, was the attraction during the past week at Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O. The audiences have been large. Mrs. Macauley's portrayal displayed power and finished pathos. The support of Emma Pierce, W. H. Gillette, W. F. Owen, and the company in general was excellent. The same attraction will be continued another week.....At the Grand Opera-house Rose Eytinge in "Cleopatra" drew good houses. Miss Eytinge made all that could be made of the title-role. The scenery was handsome, and the ballet proved an agreeable feature, Betty Rigl being called before the curtain regularly.

THE LOVERING FAMILY, musical artists, consisting of Charles, violin soloist and leader; Lena, cornet soloist and pianist; and Prof. M. Lovering, flute-player, etc., can be engaged after Feb. 1. For further particulars see advertisement.

THE KELLOGG-CARY ITALIAN AND ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY commence a five nights' engagement in the National Theatre, Washington, 15.

A NEW COLLECTION of violin-music, comprising melodies of the day, overtures, dance-music, etc., is advertised in this issue by L. P. Goullaud.

BLIND TOM is to concertize in Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 21, 22, Hot Springs 23, 24, Arkadelphia 25, Texarkana, Texas, 26, Jefferson 28, Shreveport, 29, 30, Marshall, Texas, 31, Feb. 1.

A LIST OF POPULAR SONGS published by L. P. Goullaud can be found in another column.

MUSICAL ITEMS from St. Louis, Mo., read thus: The Fryer Opera Troupe began a two weeks' engagement at the Varieties Theatre Dec. 31, night for Jan. 11 the business done had been large. On the nights when Mme. Pappenheim sang standing-room was at a premium, and the off-nights were fairly attended. The repertory for the week embraced "The Huguenots," "Faust," "Lohengrin," "Masaniello," "Othello," and "Der Freischutz." The troupe came to St. Louis on the money received at the advanced sale of seats, and the husband of Mme. Pappenheim and Charles Adams have taken the managerial reins in their own hands.....A benefit to Prof. E. Herwig at Mercantile Hall Jan 10, was largely attended. The following local artists appeared: Misses L. L. Fritch, Julia Benkendorf, Mrs. F. E. Coester, J. Saler, G. Herich, J. Jordan, and an orchestra under the leadership of Prof. Julius Balatka.....Miss Emma Thursby and Sisson gave their second concert at Mahler's Hall 10.....Mishler's Swedish Lady Vocal Quartet gave concerts in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. at Library Hall 11, 12.....The Aimee Opera-bouffe Company open at the Olympic 14.

AT HOOLEY'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., Aimee's farewell has attracted large assemblages every night. "La Jolie Parfumeuse" was given 7, "La Marjolaine" 8, "Les Cent Vierges" 9, "La Fille de Mme. Angot" matinee 9, "Giroflé-Girofla" 10, "La Reine Indigo" 11, "La Grande Duchesse" matinee 12, "Barbe Bleue" 12. Sunday night, 13, "La Marjolaine" will be repeated for the benefit of the French Benevolent Society. The misc-en-scene, costumes and chorus have been gorgeous, appropriate and complete. Aimee's season in St. Louis, 14.....Mme. Julia Rive-King gave piano-recitals Jan. 7, 10, 11, and matinee and evening 12, at Hershey Music Hall, all in aid of the Foundling's Home.

B. C. BENT, cornet soloist of Gilmore's Band, has accepted a like engagement with the same, his solos eliciting marks of approval. An extract from *The Troy Whig*, published elsewhere, is an index of the verdict accorded his playing.

GILMORE'S BAND Jan. 18, 19, followed by Pappenheim Opera Company 21, 22, are booked at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, O.

ROE STEPHENS calls the attention of members of the B. P. O. E. to his recent issue of Ned Straight's song, "Never Go Back on Your Friend," which, in addition to the attractiveness of the melody, has a handsome frontispiece representing E. G. R. Frank Girard in full regalia. See card.

L. J. GIBLER, with his brass band and orchestra, can be engaged after May 1. See advertisement.

BOSTON, Mass., musical matters are thus written of on Jan. 13:

"The Apollo Club gave their first invitation concert of the season at Music Hall 9 to the usual crowded house.....Theodore Thomas' fifth subscription concert occurs at Music Hall 16.....Miss Lillian Blauvelt, assisted by R. Hayden, R. H. Sherwood, A. V. Kinney and W. Rietzel, gives a concert in Union Hall 14.....The Cecilia and Boylston Clubs are rehearsing for their joint concert 21.....The third concert at Sander's Theatre, Cambridge, occurs 15, when the Swedish Ladies' Quartet and the Boston Philharmonic Club will appear.....Miss Jaspar Lolsch, Eltz and Greene, instrumentalists.....The final concert in the Redpath Lyceum course will be given in Music Hall 14, Miss Emma Abbott, Mrs. Hershey Sleeper Ferrante, M. Arbuckle and Herr Robyn appearing.....A telephone concert and lecture is to be given in the Tabernacle 16, cornet and harp music being transferred from the lecture being delivered by Frederic Allen Gower, the associate of Prof. Bell.....Ernst Perabo, pianist, gives two matinee-performances at Wesleyan Hall Feb. 1 and 2.....Mr. Mudgett and Hadyn Society have engaged for the rendition of St. Paul, March 6, by Mme. Pappenheim. Miss Anna Drasdil, William J. Winch, and William H. Clarke, and Richard H. Ahern, Mr. Peck's assistant at Music Hall, was presented by his friends on 10 with a diamond stud.....The tenth Bach Society concert at Music Hall 13 was complimentary to H. C. Brown, when the following artists appeared in addition to Brown's Brigade Band: Miss Jeanette Tilwell, pianist; P. S. Gilmore, cornetist; Theodore Eustis, Theodore Cook and the Swedish Quartet, composed of C. Olsen, J. F. Bergendahl, F. T. Schmeiser and J. Engstrom.

MARKS AND FLATS.—A. B. Furlong of Philadelphia proposes to sail for Europe Jan. 20 to complete his studies.....C. W. Seager, musical director and author, has taken up his permanent residence in Cincinnati. We learn.....A violin, the box of which is of porcelain, and the strings of wire, and which is said to emit tones that are faultless as to purity and sweetness, is the latest novelty upon which musical Venice, Italy, plumes itself.....'Music and Mind and Musical Physics' is the title of a work by Dr. J. Stanton Gladden, which contains a concise but yet elaborate essay on the laws governing the production of sound, with additional matter being of much interest.....Prof. Trenor Hall, this city, announces a dime concert for the 16th inst.....'Wallenstein,' the new opera by Ruiz, has not proved a success in Bologna.....The Mozart Society, W. Va., on Jan. 11 received a telegram from one of two alleged widows of the orchestra leader who died in that city recently. A Wheeling dispatch to a Cincinnati paper states: "The sender of the telegram claims to be one of Predigam's widows (he having two wives), inquires after certain particulars regarding his death, in order that she may recover certain moneys from Prediagam's father. She is a French lady, residing in Paris, and the letter is written in that language. The woman claims to have been married to the deceased in Europe, and the woman with Predigam at the time of his death was married to him in New York in 1869, the same year that he came to this country." The deceased claimed to have married ten years before the foregoing paragraph states that he did, and seven years before the time at which it says the first marriage took place. The name of the deceased was Louis Pedigram. The name of the deceased, we think, was August Pedigram. The deceased was in this country so long ago as to enable his friends to claim for him that while in the New Orleans he composed or arranged the popular melody of "Shoo Fly." We merely make mention of this claim, without endorsing it.....Miss Lillian S. Norton of Boston has received a new contract to sing Arline in Jr. and Miss Ellen Weatherby, and that they will travel with it next month.....Edward Greey of Manchester, author of "The Third Kean," "Wesmore, Yet," and "Brown and Williams," stage-manager of the Boston Museum, are finishing a new farcical comedy in four acts. It is entitled "Our College Boys." The following sub-heads of the second act of the piece indicate the locale: Before entering Our College, scene, Lazy Beach, our seashore; time, Summer. Act II.—Freshman year; scene, Charley's room at Mary Turnem's; time, two months after entering Our College. Act III.—Sophomore year; scene, Charley's room in Joseph's; Our College; time, the evening before class day. Act IV.—Senior year; scene, room and balcony of Summer residence overlooking Saratoga Lake; time, the intercollegiate boat-race.....The "Aborn Arms" in preparation at McVicker's, Chicago.

—John Dillon has suddenly ceased to be of the combination of which he was the head-and-front.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Fall River, Mass., opened Jan. 7, as announced. The company included Bob Allen, Burt Watson, Mullen and Magee, Cummings and Harrington, Hurley, Ida Phillips, Susie Murray, Sadie Earl, Mattie Ingalls, and others. An introductory female-minstrel scene was followed by a fine olio, in which Mullen and Magee's act (new to us) was boisterously received; Cummings and Harrington's songs-and-dances were also a feature. The performances closed with a mild cancan. The audiences have steadily increased in numbers since the opening night. The company next week will be strengthened by the addition of Frank Gibbons, Lulu Wentworth, Frank Carr and Fanny Moore, the only departures being Mullen and Magee. Letter dated Jan. 12.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, an improved attendance during the week ending Jan. 12 greeted the almost entirely new company, including Sallie Mason and Rob. Y. Ferguson, Scanlon and Cronin, Frank and Eva Bennett, Suydam, Clifton, Forepaugh and Suydam, Manvers and Wood, the Clark Brothers, the Jack-it-Chy's Japanese Troupe and Venus and Adonis in their respective specialties. "The Big 4" closed Jan. 12. Val Vose, Jennie and Anna Morgan, Worden and Mack, and Lillie Hall open 14.

MARIE D'ESTE'S PARISIAN BLONDES and Living Art Pictures, and Mlle. Francouni Rousselle's Red-stocking Minstrels, with the female wrestlers and Lyre and Harp, closed a two weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 7, and met with such success that the engagement is extended to one month. They state that their time is all filled for the present season, and a commendatory card from Manager H. W. Williams is published in our advertising department.

FRANK ALLEN, character artist and musician, and Jennie Allen, soubrettes, advertise for engagements.

TEMPLE'S VARIETY THEATRE, Pittsburg, Pa., can be rented or leased through Mrs. E. Barker, whose address find elsewhere.

SERIO-COMIC VOCALISTS, song-and-dance ladies and specialty artists are wanted by Davis & Co. See card.

WELCH AND RICE, sketch artists, are traveling with Haverly's Minstrels.

THE NEW ARRIVALS at the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Jan. 7, were Dan Mason, a good Dutch comedian; and Joe Dowling, W. T. Stephens and their dogs, in "The Texan Ranger;" Meagher and Nolan closed 12, no engagement; also James Green, who remained in Louisville; the Castellos, who go to Cincinnati; and Dowling, Stephens and the dogs, to Chicago. The Continental Four, Mrs. Dan Mason, and Conway the musical moke are billed for the 14th.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, a superior entertainment attracted the usual large attendance last week; the new faces Jan. 7 including J. D. Kelley, in a clever musical act, Lang and Mack in songs-and-dances, and Miss Alice Hale in vocalism. Williams and Sully, Maud Sheppard, Lizzie Aldine and Lillie De Lange closed Jan. 12. The fresh arrival announced for Jan. 14 are Ed. Ferguson, Miss Nellie Mason, Ada Morris and Ida Maussy, Nellie Vincent and Louise De Luise.

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WM. CARLETON, the well-known Irish comedian, will shortly appear in his new monologue entertainment "Emerald Gems," by Prof. M. O'Rear-don of the Boston celebrity.

LIZZIE RICHMOND, the serio-comic vocalist, wife of Billy Bryant of Bryant and Williams, song-and-dance men, presented her husband with a bouncing boy on Jan. 9, being his Day. We wish them many returns of the day."

AT NEWTON'S VARIETIES, Hartford, Ct., Jan. 7, the newcomers were Chace and Davis, the O'Brien Bros., the Moore Sisters, and Dan Luke. Closed 12: the Ifferd Sisters and Chace and Davis, a Providence, R. I., team. The Moore Sisters, C. L. Davis and Emma Verne, New York; and Wm. Hayle, Boston. The proprietors of the above place have leased the theatre formerly known as the London Pavilion, and will open it 14 under the name of Parisian Varieties. The interior of the stage, which has been remodeled, is furnished with an entirely new stock of scenery, and four proscenium boxes have been added. The seats in the auditorium have been raised, the balcony filled with boxes, while the upholstering and decorating be finished, and the place has been thoroughly renovated and repainted. Hopkins, Pendleton & Co. are proprietors; Frank Brayton, treasurer; Ch. Stalbaum, leader of orchestra; Chas. Skene, properties; and Frank Welch, stage-manager. Opens Monday, 14. The opening company will include the Stuart Sisters, the Parker Sisters, Belle Fairmount, Favor and Shields, Holbrook and Ryan, Keating and Sands, Dan Luke, C. M. Bassett and a ballet. The old theatre has been leased to the Turner Society. Letter of Jan. 14.

AT TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., Josephine Walby opened Jan. 10. No departures 12; no arrivals 14.

ARTHUR AUBERTON, stage-manager of the Tivoli Garden, Denver, Col., and Miss Lottie Gray were married on the residence of the latter Jan. 7, by the Rev. Mr. Bliss. After the ceremony Miss Lola Mattice presented the happy couple with a bride's cake. Mr. Sleight of the Tivoli gave two handsome silver medals, and among the other presents were a silver butter-dish, a gold-headed easy-chair, and a finely-carved walnut cradle. Mr. Perry, one of the proprietors of the Tivoli, and Miss Lola Mattice officiated as bridegroom and bridesmaid. A banquet was partaken of, and about o'clock Prof. Sprague's Denver Brass Band serenaded the newly-wedded pair.

JAMES HEARNE, neat Irish vocalist, jig and reel dancer, now performing at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, Pa., has had a highly successful engagement at that house for two weeks, and can be rented or leased. The proprietor, E. Enochs, and Manager Griffin both recommend them in card published in another column.

HUNTLEY, banjoist, vocalist and composer, has just commenced an engagement at Tony Pastor's Theatre, and will open at the Metropolitan Theatre, Newark, N. J., Jan. 21.

VARIETY ARTISTS are wanted at the Dominion Novelty Theatre, Montreal, Canada. See Manager Vandersmith's card.

MAYOR STOKLEY of Philadelphia, has been served with a writ of alternative mandamus to show cause why he should not be compelled to issue a license to Miller's Winter Garden, has made answer to the writ, and argument will be heard in the case on Jan. 18. This is intended as a test case, licenses having been refused to several of the variety theatres in Philadelphia.

MINNIE FARRELL, character vocalist and dancer, publishes her address in another column, and states that she has open dates after Feb. 4.

OF THE CINCINNATI VARIETY HALLS our correspondent writes, Jan. 11: "Heuck's Opera-house continues its run of big houses. The fresh attractions this week have been Armstrong and Lamont in songs-and-dances; Clara Sidelle, male impersonator and change vocalist; Herr Drayton, cannon-ball athlete; and Charles Howard. The latter appeared as Uncle Tom in the well-known drama, which was well put on, all of the scenery being new. The acting also was good, noticeable being the Eva of Little Sallie Cohen, Topsy of Kate Edwards, Eliza of Alice Placide, Marie of Lillian Travis, Emeline of Kate Bilsland, Ophelia of Florence Webster, St. Clair of E. R. Dalton, Marks of James Douglas, George Harris of Frank De Vernon, Phineas of James S. Edwards, and Shelby of J. B. Radcliff. No departures. Opening 14: John and Maggie Fielding, Fanny Reynolds and E. D. Goodrich in 'Grizzly Adams'.....At the Coliseum 7, Louise Murio was re-engaged for one week. John Williams, who was announced, has been too ill to appear before next Sunday evening. The other new people were Seamon and Somers, who proved attractive cards in plantation songs-and-dances; Logrenia, whose serpent exhibition and illusions with cat and birds were interesting; Emma Hoffman reappeared after a siege of sickness, and was warmly welcomed; Cereni and the Allen Brothers, who performed fair acrobatic and bar acts; and Bertie Clifford made a hit in motto songs. E. Fox has severed his connection with the Theatre, and P. C. Hart is now business and stage manager. Business good. Departures: Louise Murio, Pittsburg; Emma Hoffman, Coliseum, Chicago; and Cereni and the Allen Brothers. Announced for 14: King Sarden, Kate Harding, Elvino, and Miss Ida.....Charles H. Duncan in motto songs, Selion and Burns, good exponents of Irish comedy; James W. Wesley and Addie Johnson, whose dialogues were well rendered; and Lizzie Harrett, a neat serio-comic vocalist, opened at Wood's Theatre 7. Lucien Moore forced a black bear in the presence of a crowded house 10. He threw the bear, but the latter, having worked off his muzzle, got even by biting one of the wrestler's fingers so badly that amputation was necessary. Biz the rest of the week was light. Departures: C. A. Loder and May Loder, Chicago; and Etta May, Myles Morris, and Selion and Burns. Opening 14: Donnelly and Drew, Harry McCarthy, Eugene Lavelle, Jessie Ford, and the Parker Sisters. A portion of the company has during the week been playing at the Opera-house, Meagher and Nolan closed 12, no engagement; also James Green, who remained in Louisville; the Castellos, who go to Cincinnati; and Dowling, Stephens and the dogs, to Chicago. The Continental Four, Mrs. Dan Mason, and Conway the musical moke are billed for the 14th.

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RATES,

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office Orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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Chronology of Important Theatrical Events for the Year 1877.

Sporting Chronology for 1877.

Chronology of Important Events, Including a Condensed History of the Exciting Political Struggle and the Railroad War of the Year.

A Review of the Baseball Season, with the Names of the Players and a Record of Model Games; Also a Record of the Highest Cricket Scores.

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A MASTERLY PROBLEM BY HERR F. L. MEYER, AND A BRILLIANT GAME BETWEEN JAMES MASON AND D. E. DELMAR.

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Calendars.

strations.

FRONTISPIECE.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

THE CIRCUS BOY.

OCTOBER.

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE SHORE.

CAPS FOR FOOLS AND A GAG FOR SCOLDS.

A SPORTING SCENE.

SHAKESPEARIAN MEDAL.

THE HEADSMAN'S TOOLS.

A SUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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"THE JESTER'S WIFE, OR TWO INDIVIDUALITIES IN ONE," a most remarkable story, by JAS. WIGHT.

'ALPINE PERFORMERS," a clever descriptive sketch, by CELIA LOGAN.

"GIPSY CON," a pathetic tale of devotion, by MRS. J. W. FOX.

"JUANNA: THE PAINTER'S MODEL," a romantic sto , by MNEMOSYNE.

POEMS—"ART," by E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

"THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS," by TOM HOOD.

"THE OLD HOUSE ON THE SHORE," by VANDYKE BROWN.

"THE CIRCUS BOY," by L. K. ADAMS.

'OCTOBER," by MARC COOK.

'MOTHER AND CHILD," a Musical Anecdote, by BARRY ALDEN.

'A FABLE," by J. R. SMITH.

APS FOR FOOLS AND A GAG FOR SCOLDS."

'THE HEADSMAN'S TOOLS."

'MAIL TIME, ETC., TO PROMINENT CITIES"

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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CAN BE RENTED
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A THIRD INTEREST IN THE
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J. WYNN FRANKLIN,
DRAMATIST.
43-1t* Address Care of N. Y. CLIPPER.

TO MANAGERS AND PROPRIETORS.—In consequence of the continued illness of MR. F. C. BANGS, his combination is disbanded, and all parties with whom he has contracted, and all halls and theatres booked on rent or sharing terms, are hereby notified that he desires release. COL. GRAVES,
43-1t* Business-manager.

"PINK DOMINOS." Tony Pastor's latest sensation. "Whoa, Emma!" "Captain Spike of the Musketeers," "You Make Me Laugh!" "Johnny, You've Been a Bad Boy," "Sweet Visions of Childhood," Cuckoo Polka, "Mariolaine," each 35c. Orchestra arrangements, Rose, 60c. Specialties for professionals. FREDERICK BLUME, 861 Broadway, 2 doors above 17th st., N. Y. 35-13t*

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Besides having leased the most prominent of the old boards, I have made large additions, and now have a capacity of about 2,000 sheets. Address
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TO THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE CO.
I take this manner of returning my thanks for the beautiful cane presented me on the eve of Jan. 4.
FRED. FELTON, Stage-manager,
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KING OF THE AIR,
IS AT LIBERTY TO NEGOTIATE WITH RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS FOR THE CIRCUS SEASON.
Horizontal-bar performer, tumbler and leaper.
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TERMS LOW TO FIRST-CLASS ENTERTAINMENTS.
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NOW ON HER STARRING TOUR.
Her business is now directed by
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This new hall is one of the most beautiful in the Southwest. Lit with gas. Scenery complete. Seating capacity 800. Size of stage 20x25ft. For terms and particulars address COOK & WRIGHT,
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MANAGERS AND AGENTS
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Michigan City, Indiana, 56 miles east of Chicago, on the line of the Michigan Central, Indianapolis, Peru and Chicago, and Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railways. A rapidly-growing city of over seven thousand population. This building is new and centrally located; audience-room in second story; double entrance; and has a seating capacity of 800 to 1,000, including gallery; fitted with a large and roomy stage, 20 by 48ft.; drop-curtain; first-class scenery; stage equipments; dressing-rooms, etc., etc. Perfectly adapted to the use of theatrical and minstrel troupes, concerts or other entertainments. For terms, which will always be reasonable, address JOHN KRUGER, Manager, Michigan City, Indiana. 36-13t*

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Seating capacity, 1,000 chairs. A few open dates for sensational Dramas in hands of good stars. Also good specialty people can get dates at moderate salary. Address
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WASHINGTON HALL,
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REBUILT AND REFURNISHED THROUGHOUT
STAGE 30 BY 52 FEET,
SEATING CAPACITY, 900,
FOLDING CHAIRS,
GOOD SCENERY, ETC.
Will rent by the night or week to first-class entertainments only. Terms reasonable.
Managers or agents can secure dates from Feb. 1 by addressing MANAGER.
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Col. J. Holmes Grover, sole director. Population, 50,000. Only opera-house; seats 1,300; 700 chairs; spacious gallery; stage, 63x30ft.; four elegantly-furnished dressing-rooms; full set of stage trappings, beautiful scenery and comestent stage hands. For rent or share (most preferred) Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Will play other two nights occasionally. Address J. HOLMES GROVER (new buildings), 1,002 Sansom st., Philadelphia, Pa. 43-13t

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I am desirous of obtaining a situation for my BAND OF 10 PIECES OR MORE, brass and orchestra, with some responsible proprietor or manager for the coming season. Circus preferred. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address
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MISS CLARA WARREN
of Pittsburg, please send present address to MANAGER T. C. F., P. O. Box 304, New York City. 43-2t

SUCCESS
OF
SID C. FRANCE

THEATRE COMIQUE, ST. LOUIS, Dec. 31, 1877.
MR. SID C. FRANCE:
DEAR SIR: It affords me pleasure to state that your drama

MARKED FOR LIFE

was a great success in my house, and I think, considering it was a dull week (the week before Christmas) the receipts were very good. I will also say that I expect to play you every season. Very truly yours,
W. C. MITCHELL.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Chicago, Dec. 31, 1877.
TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS GENERALLY:
MR. SID C. FRANCE in his drama proved a strong drawing card here at the Academy during his recent engagement, and I consider him one of the leading features of the profession. Respectfully,
WM. EMMETT.

THE COLISEUM, Chicago, Dec. 26, 1877.
TO WHOMEVER IT MAY CONCERN:
This is to certify that MR. SID C. FRANCE played his drama of

IN THE WEB

to as big a business as I have played to this season, and I can and will cheerfully recommend it to any manager as being really MERITORIOUS. Mr. France I also recommend as being a good COMEDIAN, and I will play him at any future time. Yours respectfully,
JOHN A. HAMLIN.

MR. FRANCE OPENS AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, WASHINGTON, D. C., JAN. 14, WHERE HE CAN BE ADDRESSED. 43-1t

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A SHOW COMPLETELY EQUIPPED FOR THE ROAD

I will sell cheap for cash, or one-half cash and balance secured, a complete circus outfit, consisting of Baggage Wagons, Passenger Wagons, Ticket, Property and Chandelier Wagons, Advertising and Paste Wagon, Band Chariot, Circus Tent, Managerie Tent, Dressing Tent, Cook Tent, Two Horse-tents, Seats, Poles, Flags, etc.

A FULL AND COMPLETE SET of Entree Dresses, Pad Cloths, Pad Saddles and Bridles, Three side-saddles, Band Uniforms—Red Broadcloth and Steel Helmets—Drums, Cymbals, etc. TWO ANIMAL CAGES, ONE MUSEUM CAGE, ONE MANEUVRE TANK, ten-horse Band Harness and Plumes, Baggage and Cage Harness for eighty horses, Circular Brussels Ring Carpet, set of Kidd's Lights, full set of Properties, in fact a complete show, ready to take the road on 24 hours notice. The above property is nearly all new, was built in 1876, and used only eight weeks.

Will also sell 50 or 60 good BAGGAGE AND CAGE HORSES AND BAND TEAM, one Pad Horse and one Bareback Hurdle Horse. The above property will be sold altogether, or in parts to suit purchasers. For full particulars address J. E. WARNER,
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TO THOSE CONCERNED.

The constant repetition of the word **CHAMPION** which illuminates the columns of THE CLIPPER in connection with the multitude of CLOG-DANCERS leads me, the undersigned, to state that

I AM READY,

immediately after the expiration of my engagement with Mr. J. D. Hopkins, March 4, 1878,

TO MEET ONE OR ALL

of the so-called CHAMPIONS OF THE CLOGS in a contest

FOR MONEY,

for ORIGINALITY OF STEPS AND EXECUTION in a general clog-dance. I DO NOT CLAIM that much abused word **CHAMPION** as my title, but I do claim to be

THE BEST CLOG-DANCER LIVING.

Communications relative to a match may be sent to THEATRE COMIQUE, PROVIDENCE.

WILLIAM HAYLE,
43-1t THE CLOG-DANCER.

BANJO A CARD.—In answer to hundreds of letters asking the contents of my new STAR INSTRUCTOR AND COLLECTION OF SIMPLIFIED TUNES, I would state that I have not time to answer each separately; correspondents will therefore consider the following an individual reply: The STAR INSTRUCTOR contains 16 large pages, nicely printed on gloss paper and bound, with 9 pages of new instructions and 14 newly-arranged pieces, the melodies all familiar, making the time easy. The entire work is all by the simplified method, open and closed notes, which was ORIGINATED BY ME just 16 years since. It is the most thorough work ever published by the simplified method, and any child can learn the Banjo at once WITHOUT A TEACHER OR STUDY. Price by mail, 50c. New pamphlet of price-list of 100 elegant Instruments, Strings, Books, Testimonials, etc., for 1878, just issued and SENT FREE for one stamp. Address GEORGE C. DOBSON,
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OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
First-class variety talent can always secure dates by addressing as above. 43-eow-tf

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FALSE LIGHT,
written expressly for her by J. Owen Moore, Esq. Also her powerful play entitled
THE ADVENTURESS,
in which she received the highest encomiums of press and public, has been rearranged by the author, Augustus Pitou, Esq. Managers having vacant dates can address her manager, CHAS. A. WATKINS, at Leland Opera-house, Albany, week of Jan. 14, or HORACE WALL, Dramatic Agent, No. 14 Union square, N. Y. 43-1t

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Leader of Orchestra and Brass,
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New act by
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34-tf Charleston, S. C.

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EACH ONE FLOURISHING WITH PROSPERITY.

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ROSE EYTINGE AND ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA COMPANY,
McKEE RANKIN DANITE COMBINATION (2 ENGAGEMENTS),
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LEONARD GROVER'S (PERSONALLY DIRECTING) OUR BOARDING-HOUSE,
BABA Combination, JOHN DILLON and Company, J. H. STODDART and Company,
BUFFALO BILL and Combination, KATIE PUTNAM and Company,
F. S. CHANFRAU, THE OPERA, TEXAS JACK and Combination, FRANK FRAYNE and Company, GRAND CONCERTS, LECTURE CELEBRITIES,
and other prominent Stars, Troupes, Combinations, etc.

PLEASE NOTICE THIS PARTICULARLY.
Managers, Business-managers, and Agents of Star Troupes or Combinations, or any attractions of a first-class order, can secure time at this theatre on any plan they may propose, either on a certainty, share or percentage if "a draw" in their performances. Address as above.

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THEIR NAME A HOUSEHOLD WORD.
The Eminent Minstrel Organization who have fairly earned by their years of successful travel throughout the length and breadth of our land a reputation as being the "greatest public satisfaction giving minstrel company in the world," and always kept up to that standard regardless of any depression in the times, now traveling throughout the United States, and appearing before large and select audiences.

THE NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS
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"Good satisfaction given by this Minstrel Troupe," is the verdict of the press and people in every city and town they appear in, and great care will be bestowed on this company as heretofore to insure its excellence.
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All of the above under the jurisdiction and proprietorship of
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SPECIAL OPPORTUNITIES TO
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IN THEIR GREAT DOUBLE-JIG WITHOUT MUSIC.

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ACROBATIC SONG-AND-DANCE ARTISTS
CARRIE SWAIN, the Original and Only Acrobatic Song-and-dance Lady.
CARD FROM MR. TONY PASTOR:
The Swains (Sam and Carrie) have just closed an engagement at my theatre, and I willingly recommend them to all first-class managers. Their act is new and novel. They are both good singers and dancers, and the LADY'S ACROBATIC PERFORMANCE is the best I ever saw. TONY PASTOR.
A few open dates. Managers, address care of CLIPPER. 43-1t

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